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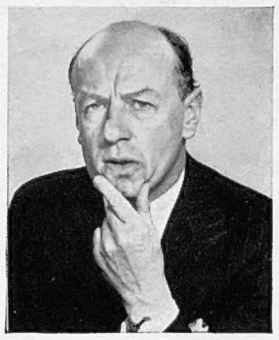

His doctor told Sir Timothy he had got to rest... in the sun, if possible

So SIR TIMOTHY did it in style, and went round Africa with his feet up, by Union-Castle. He took his unmarried daughter as companion and secretary (precious little secretarying she did!)

They left London on a thoroughly bleak afternoon in April with a bitter East wind in the River. The Warwick Castle was in sunshine by lunch time on the second day and, by the third, Sir Timothy was leaving his coat and tie in his cabin.

Into the Mediterranean... Gibraltar, Genoa, Port Said, Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Lourenço Marques, Durban . . .

They had bought their tickets to go right round Africa in the Warwick Castle, but a young South African business man on board persuaded Sir Timothy's daughter to bring her father, and meet his family at their house by the sea at Durban. Sir Timothy was also determined to see Kruger Park at its best and with all the big game there. All the arrangements were made for them, and they broke their trip for four weeks 'shore leave', and took the Kenya Castle home.

9 SUN-DRENCHED WEEKS SAILING ROUND AFRICA

Fewer ports of call this time, but just as interesting: East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, St. Helena, The Canaries and . . . home.

They had travelled 15,000 miles by sea. Sir Timothy had cooked in the sun for 60 out of 65 days. But he had also done quite a lot of work, keeping in touch with his office in London by wireless, and by letter from ports of call. He had also put on weight (Union Castle food is a constant temptation).

He had collected a walnut sun-tan from the top of his bald head practically to his toes. He had missed the worst English spring on record, and he got back just when his roses and herbaceous borders were at their summer best.

And when his daughter goes to live in South Africa (yes, she is going to marry that young man) Sir Timothy proposes to visit them as often as he can get his doctor to tell him he needs a rest in the sun.

THE GOING'S GOOD BY

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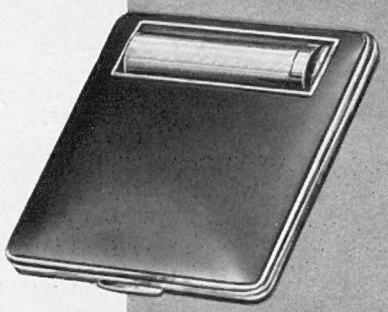

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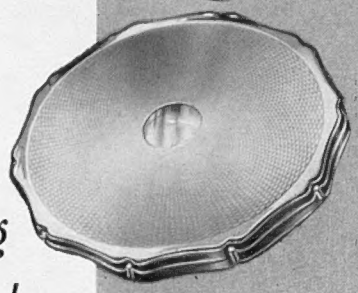

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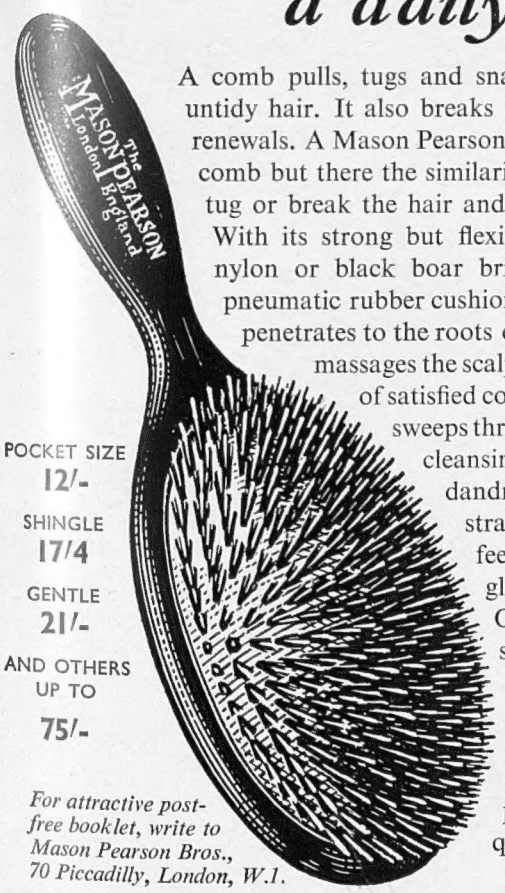

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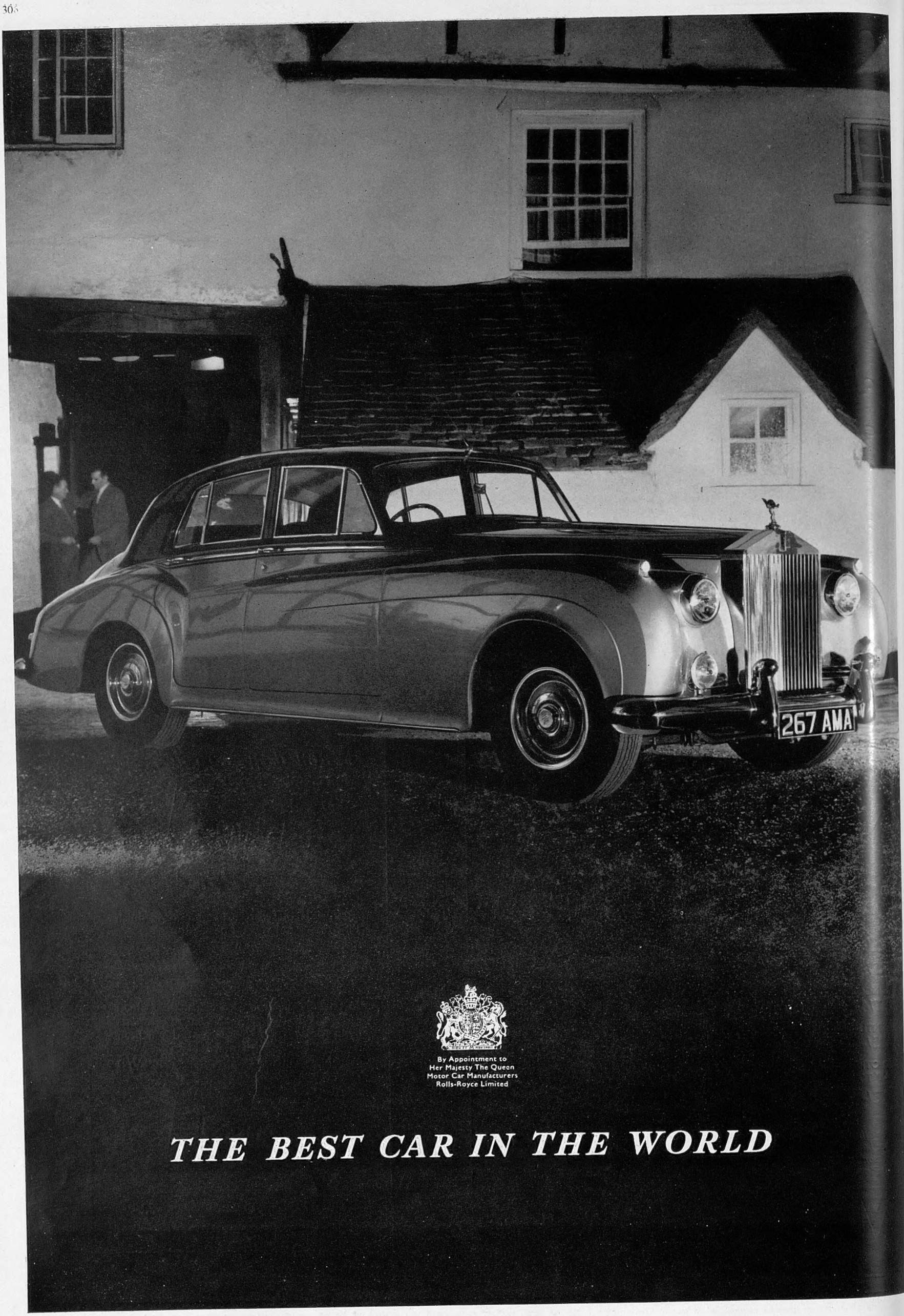

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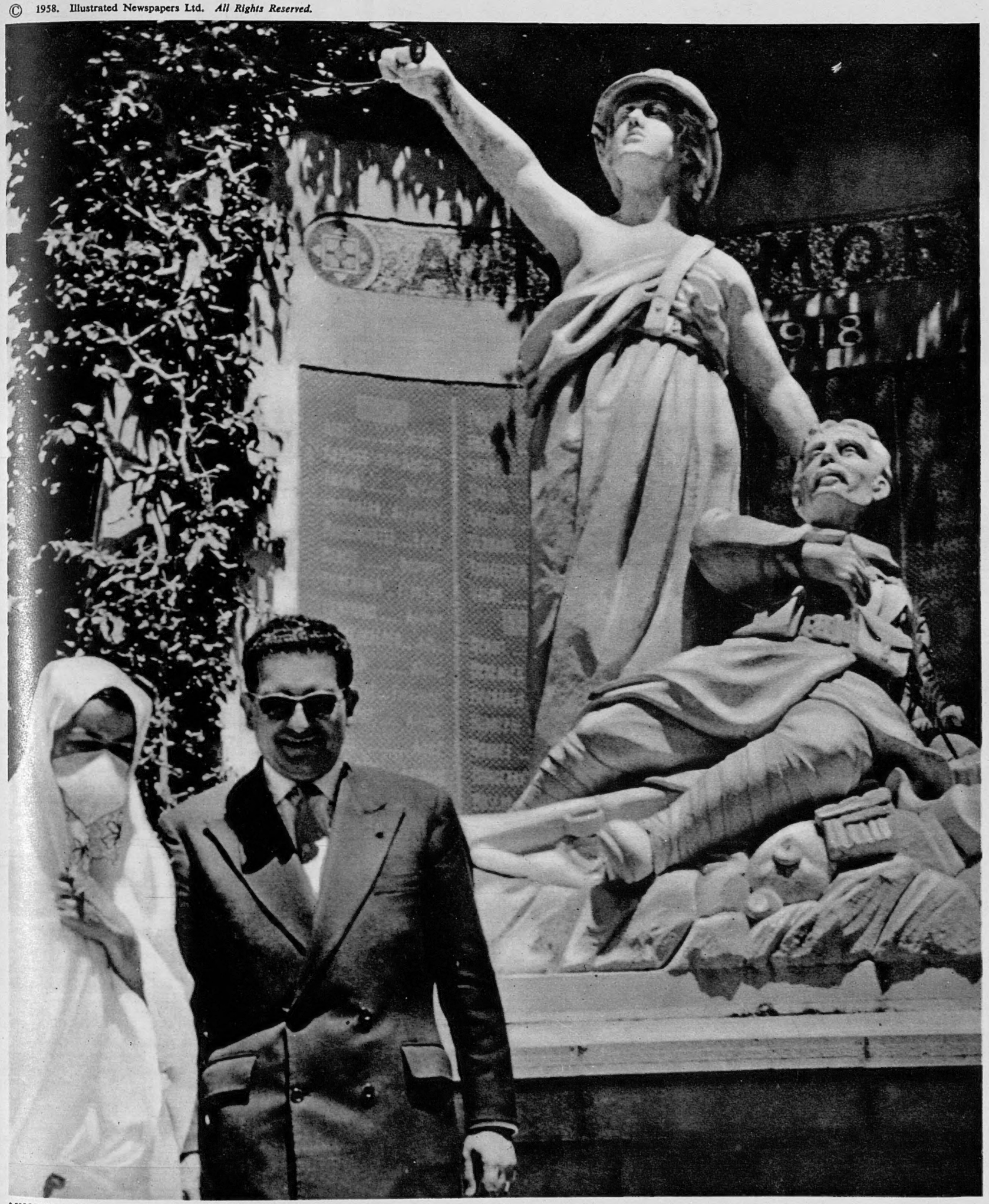

MUSLIM SUPPORT FOR THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS—M. SOUSTELLE WITH A VEILED ARAB WOMAN : Behind them is the War Memorial at Boufarik, near Algiers. The Gaullist leader, accompanied by General Salan, the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, had just addressed an enormous and enthusiastic crowd. Throughout M. Soustelle's triumphant progress through the Algerian towns last week, a feature of his reception was the number of Muslims who joined in acclaiming him.

At the end of last week there were still obscurities regarding the Algerian situation. M. Soustelle toured several towns, his demands for the return of de Gaulle to power being wildly cheered by large crowds. Muslims mixed with the French and there seemed no doubt that they were joining in the demonstrations of their own free will. The position of the Generals was not yet clear. General Salan had received plenary powers from Paris, but gave little sign of recognising M. Pflimlin's authority. The Prime Minister continued to have the support of the Assembly and announced his plans for constitutional reform. But the breach with Algeria remained. On Saturday Corsica joined the Algerian revolt. (Pictures from France, Algeria and Corsica on pages 310-11. French-Algerian crisis page 317.)

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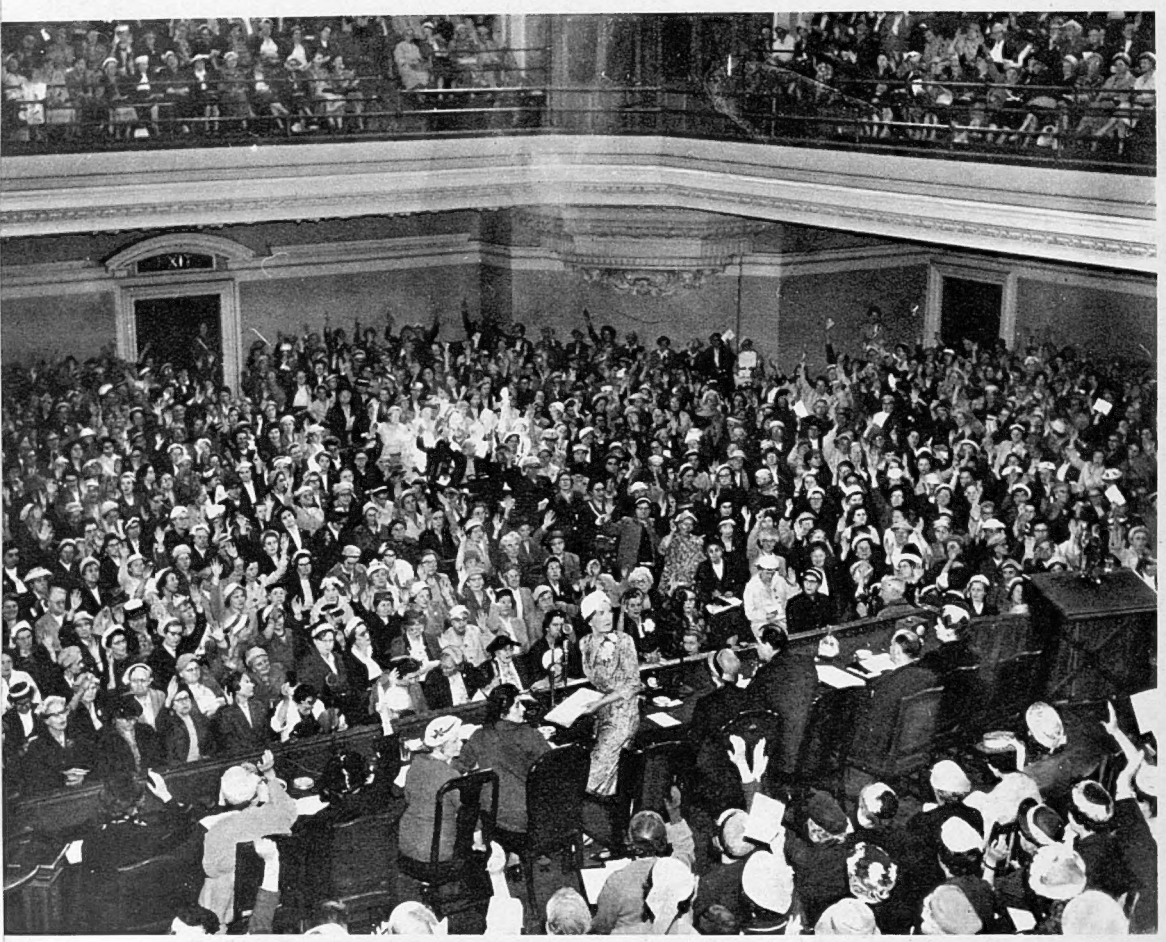


THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE: The scene at the Central Hall, Westminster, as voting takes place during the thirtieth annual conference of the Women's National Advisory Committee. After the morning session fifty conference delegates were entertained at No. 10, Downing Street, by the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan. The conference was attended by 3,000 delegates.

A London Newsletter

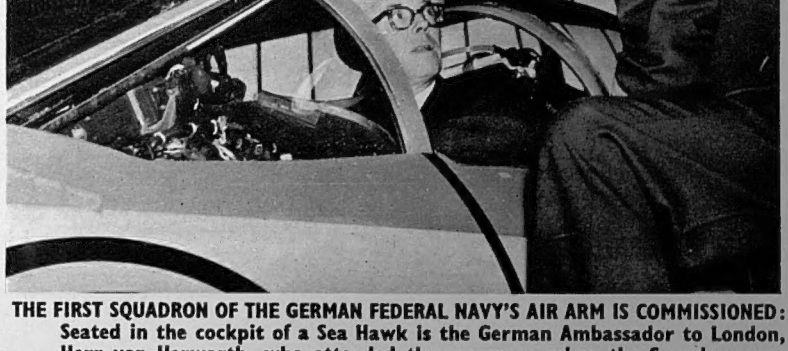
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

De Gaulle Decides—to Wait.—My note last week on the crisis in France perforce ended in a tone of interrogation. De Gaulle's eagerly-awaited Press conference on May 19 came just too late for me, and I wondered whether the declaration, when it came, would prove a bathos or a decisive event, or merely leave these pulsing events the "mist procession" they had so far proved for all concerned, even for the principal actors. It remains . . . a fog. The General's silences on details cancelled out his declarations. He outspokenly condemned again the present Parliamentary regime, but he made it clear that only that regime could bring him to power. He had no intention of seizing power. If the overwhelming majority voice of the people should compel M. Coty to send for him, he would assume the responsibilities now held by M. Pflimlin (and perforce would have to choose a Cabinet from among the splinter groups he detests). That done, would he assume the role of Cromwell? He did not say. But it is very clear that if M. Pflimlin's new measures fail and the splinters fly apart again, M. Coty will have no other course open, and de Gaulle may find it necessary, in the face of riots and strikes at home, to "remove the bauble" before he tackles Algeria.

The Last Bus?—One other clear pronouncement came to give joy and new hope to the military and civil "insurgents" in Algeria. He wholeheartedly supported what they have done to preserve order and to keep alive the magnificent "fraternisation" between French settlers and Muslims. That firm pronouncement in the General's shrewd and restrained statement will not bring closer together the Pflimlin Government and the Committee of Public Safety in Algeria, and may well hasten the fall of Pflimlin, upon which event now depends the constitutional assumption of power by de Gaulle. His shrewdness may be best seen perhaps in his recognising that result of his praise of the General's actions, but it may cause wide anxiety in France as to the lengths to which "fraternisation" might go. And so the General returned to wait for the call in his Sabine farm, while the nation engages, as coolly as maybe, in an agonising appraisement of all the implications. The man of destiny himself to-day looks his age (sixty-seven), and if the call comes, it seems certain that he will have to tackle a weight of responsibility far exceeding an Algerian settlement by means which no one—perhaps even himself—can yet forecast. His call to power, if it come, must result in strikes and riots in Metropolitan France. And, unless Pflimlin's Government quickly disintegrates in failure, time is not on de Gaulle's side. He was obviously right to wait in the interests of France and of Democracy, but he may have missed the last bus. That was his dilemma. But perhaps he banked on the "average life" of a post-war Fourth Republic Government.

A Strike Averted.—Second thoughts often follow an expression of relief and satisfaction. After congratulating all concerned in the happy avoidance of a railway strike, second thoughts crept in with memories from the past of similar concessions, conditions and assurances, and many people reminded themselves that the once-admirable word "compromise" has come in our time, in matters domestic and international, to connote weakness, vacillation or a severe defeat and climb-down by one side or the other. Yet on paper there was no climb-down. Faces were saved, and both sides are to be congratulated for restraint, patience and constitutional correctitude. The Government can claim that it has not departed from its courageous policy. It has not "bought off trouble" with the taxpayer's money. What has happened is that the Transport Commission, pressed to scrape the barrel again, has scraped out some quite "large-scale economies" which it believes can show satisfactory results quite quickly. The unions on their side have accepted two things—a smaller percentage of increase than they held out for and the principle that any increase must be justified by the industry's ability to meet it by economies and efficient service. Memories of similar settlements are not encouraging. Will the men obey their union chiefs? Will the objectionable practices *this time* be abandoned? Are the suddenly-discovered "economies" quickly cashable and important enough to pay the conceded increases with only two months to go? It means the saving on working of nearly £750,000 a month from now on. Only time (and perhaps a short time) can give the answer which will either confirm or reject this settlement as a real contribution to improved industrial relations and a notable return to responsibility on the part of the unions, involving no surrender of principles by the Government.

The Reason Why.—Current statistics last week supplied two sombre facts. The Coal Board reported a loss of nearly £5,500,000 on the year's workings and steel production (our "foolproof" industry) showed a very heavy drop in production compared with April 1957 and 1958. The reasons for these depressing results for the coal industry are given as "indirect control" from London of a complex industry which requires regional and local direction. But it is significant that but for profitable open-cast working, the deficit would have been at least trebled. As for steel, the world recession is at last clearly reflected in our own export drive, which only the other day Ministers declared to be so far little affected. Demand for our steel from abroad is greatly reduced, and at home the building industry's requirements for steel tubes and light sections have fallen away. But the motor industry is reviving and the decline may not continue during the summer months. As an argument for nationalisation, these two periodic returns from our major heavy industries cancel each other out. They should show a red light to the T.U.C.



THE FIRST SQUADRON OF THE GERMAN FEDERAL NAVY'S AIR ARM IS COMMISSIONED: Seated in the cockpit of a Sea Hawk is the German Ambassador to London, Herr von Herwarth, who attended the ceremony when the Squadron was commissioned at the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth, in Scotland.

Those Teddy Boys.—I have followed with amused interest the long Press symposium on Teddy boys. As in most groups or cliques in our society, there are black sheep in every flock, and some of the Press interventions on the Teddy-boy problem display a curious ignorance of the law as it stands. The magistrates, of course, come in for criticism in the handling of young offenders who come before them on charges of insulting behaviour, breaches of the peace, or wilful damage and slashings. Why don't they order them to be birched? Well . . . there are reasons why. And it is not so easy even now to find the right corrective hole for these square pegs who may have failed to respond to probation or fining. My own experience of them has not been too unhappy. Their foolish actions seem to me to stem from a common fault of youth—a desire to impress their teenage companions, male and female, with their daring

GAIETY AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL: A reel is in progress at the ball, held in London under the presidency of Katharine Duchess of Atholl, and the Duke of Atholl. The chairman of the ball, in aid of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, was the Countess of Dunmore.

I have found many of them pathetic, a few cowardly when resolutely tackled, and very few of them defiant. Hardly any I have met have ever learned the first principles of good manners in their homes or at school, still less the enormous "business" advantages to be gained from good manners and good address. Yet they want to get on in life, like any other youths. That is recognised by Press correspondents who, while urging the importance of maintaining the public school and university missions and boys' clubs, put the cause of their failure or decline to the fact that often these Teddy youths have larger incomes than the "missioners" from Eton, Harrow and so on, or Oxford and Cambridge.

"It's Our Turn Now."—That is, of course, one proof of our social revolution and at the same time the prime cause of the Teddy-boy "scandal." The more these boys can earn or obtain for nothing, the more they want, and they choose sometimes the quickest way to satisfy their needs. Of course the social revolution has inculcated in them the slogan: "*It's our turn now.*" But let us be fair. In a sense it *is* their turn. Read the "Socialite" memoirs of the reign of Edward VII and you will agree that there is nothing very new in the new Teddy-boys' fashions. With all the advantages of "good" homes and expensive education, the golden youth, male and female, of 1900-1914 formed their cliques of "superior persons" and, with not noticeable good manners, asserted their "superiority" over other cliques. They, too, devised fashions in dress and hair-styles, and all that can be said for *their* revolutionary styles is that they were not so comic, so deplorably ugly and so pathetic as the modern Teddy-boys' styles which have succeeded them. I am very sure that unforced, natural and friendly intercourse with their (to-day) "poor relations" from the public schools and universities is still invaluable, and can do more to break down class suspicion and foolish defiance and pretension than any process of law or penal correction. Like you and me, they want to be liked and would very soon respond to any hints as to how best that can be achieved by easier means than an unnatural defiance.

A Revolting Traffic.—It seems possible that at long last some sort of united effort from Scotland will be made to compel Parliament to stop the revolting cruelties which shame our country, practised on our native deer by Glasgow poachers and sometimes even by English farmers. In our Government are several men who "enjoy a day's grouse shooting" in the summer recess. It must often happen that roebuck, disturbed by the beaters, cross the front of their butts. Not one of them, I hope and believe, would fire at them with a scatter-gun at 100 yards range. It would *revolt* them to see it done, dooming the little creatures to a slow and agonising death. But that is what is happening most of the year round to our herds of red deer in the North and to what remains of our native roe, and, of course, escaped fallow deer, in England, as a result of commercial poaching and "organised" farmers' shoots. No doubt there are too many red deer and they need to be humanely controlled. But these brutal cruelties can never be ended until defined close-seasons for unprotected deer are made law and unless the ridiculous penalties for poaching are made deterrent. Now at last some of the opposing interests are closer together. The Forestry Commission, too, is giving a lead, and unless our Government "sportsmen" are hypocrites, they will surely find time for a regulating measure which will put deer-control into more humane and expert hands.

As Once in May.—Gardeners, cricketers, open-air showmen and even horse-lovers must have found some hard words to say about the Merry Month of May recently. That arctic blossom-blizzard was as fierce in the Scillies and in Plymouth as in Essex. How wise was the nursery wizard who first advised against clout-casting until June. Who would be a gardener if he regarded it as a normal hazard that his year's harvest of buds might be blown away before they bloomed, and his trees stripped before the leaves uncurled? And what cricketer can revel in the game when three sweaters and two pairs of trousers are no better protection than a gauze veil, and he must do his stuff in a deserted arena? And what showman can afford to raise his summer marquees and stands to resist an 80-m.p.h. gale? But where do we go from here? I read of no place on the earth's face that week-end which seemed to offer peace and warmth and safety, and the quiet enjoyment of natural beauties and summer recreations. If it wasn't whirlwinds, it was bombs and revolutions and hymns of hate, and all the world over, it seemed to me, Nature and man were at death grips to decide which could be viler. At Geneva it was raining with a maximum temperature of 45 deg. Paris was a desert peopled by Bedouin policemen, and only Oslo and Barcelona admitted to gleams of sunshine. The poets of May were liars or belonged to a Golden Age.

"Charity" Theatre Shows.—One more damnable fashion-import from America is fairly enough viewed with concern by the theatre-ticket agencies. Twelve times during the first six weeks' run of *My Fair Lady* at Drury Lane the whole accommodation will have been bought up for charity performances. Charity organisations book the theatre long in advance and in secrecy for a figure equal to a "house-full" taking, a figure no more than that which the theatre can be certain to secure in the first months of a popular and mightily advertised run. Then the "buyer" can sell all the seats for fancy prices in aid of his cause. The charity is, of course, the only gainer. The ticket agencies are not in the picture. The theatre public are frozen out from lack of means. The sensation-mongers-at-any-price create a successful black market and tens of thousands of seats change hands in the first few weeks at high prices. *My Fair Lady* has enjoyed a year of quite unexampled advance publicity of the slickest kind. I hardly ever see a "musical" more modern than Gilbert and Sullivan, but I had learned to hum the numbers of *My Fair Lady* with moderate accuracy months ago from imported records and to appreciate their charm. It may be it is a good enough show to survive this freezing-out of its essential supporters—people who can now and again spend up to 30s. for a show. But anything short of the best would be killed by the hostility of the ticket agencies and the anger of disappointed playgoers. These charity shows, at any rate, will be cold-shouldered by the agencies, who have no desire or intention of bidding against the charities or the black marketeers, and before the last charity performance is played, the charity organisers may find that fancy prices will not be paid for ever or the management may hold out for double a "house-full" price as compensation for the loss of their regular patrons.

Tiddlywinks.—"Subject to the consent of the Lord Great Chamberlain a match of Tiddlywinks will be played between the University of Oxford and members of the House of Commons in the second week of July within the precincts of the House." This announcement was made by the *Master of the Winks* at the University recently, and *The Times* list of the season's engagements needs to be amended. New fashions and trends in our social life usually reach their peak before I hear of them and I don't know if "the Winks" is the same simple game I played in my Victorian nursery. "A game in which counters are flipped into a tray, etc., on centre of table" (*Oxford English Dictionary*). Most of the games we play have centuries of pedigree—chess and polo are rooted in pre-history—and I have no doubt that a form of tiddlywinks was played by our cavemen ancestors in the nursery section, and that football was played in Minos' Crete. The most perfect games are those whose rules never change, but all are liable to come in and go out of fashion, like spiropole and ping-pong. I suppose table-tennis is still recognisable as the ping-pong of my youth, in the sense that the jet-fighter is a refinement of Dædalus' bright idea which cost the life of Icarus. Most of these old games have been speeded up or otherwise refined, but I doubt if there is room for manœuvre in speeding up tiddlywinks. But whether or no, I feel confident that the House of Commons, drawing on all parties, can field a strong team for the July test. I should say it was just the cup (and saucer) of tea for Taper and Tadpole.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ADMISSION OF A NEW MEMBER TO THE COURT OF ALDERMEN: In the Court Room in Guildhall in the City of London, the new Alderman, Mr. Robert Bellinger (for Cheap Ward) stands (on the left) just after he has been admitted. At the far end (centre) is the Lord Mayor. This is the first time an Admission has been photographed.

THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY MEETS IN AJACCIO : Third from the right at the table is M. Henri Maillot, President of the Public Safety Committee in the Corsican town. Second from left, with cigarette, is Colonel Thomazo, personal representative of General Massu. The Committee was the first to be formed in Corsica after the island had joined Algeria in opposition to M. Pflimlin's Government in Paris. Similar Committees were formed at Corte and in Calvi and their members enthusiastically acclaimed.

CIVIL AND MILITARY LEADERS IN ALGIERS : Members of the All-Algeria Committee of Public Safety are, from the left, Dr. Sid-Cara, representing the Muslims; M. Jacques Soustelle; General Salan, Commander-in-Chief in Algeria; General Massu, commander of the Algiers military district, and M. Leon Delbecque. At the beginning of this week it seemed clear that the breach between Paris and Algiers was complete.

DIVIDED FRANCE

Algeria and Corsica in Opposition to the Government of France

Tension mounted steadily over the week-end and by last Tuesday the French crisis appeared to be reaching its climax. When Corsica threw in its lot with Algeria and established Committees of Public Safety, M. Pflimlin made yet another broadcast to the nation. He distinguished carefully between the Algerian and Corsican uprisings. The former, " in spite of the blameworthy conduct of certain people he believed to be inspired by the popular sentiment of wishing Algeria to remain French. In Corsica he could find no justification for the action carried out by " a handful of factious people " who were threatening the country with civil war.

The establishment of a Press censorship caused a dearth of real news and the spread of many rumours. There were two great mysteries. One concerned the movements of a French naval squadron from Malta. It was reported to have arrived in Bone, in Algeria, but Paris spokesmen insisted it was still loyal to the Government. On Monday evening General de Gaulle caused a sensation by hurriedly driving from Colombey to Paris, but by five o'clock on Tuesday morning he was said to be back at his country home. Later M. Pflimlin outlined to the Assembly his plans for reform. In the afternoon the Communist trade unions called a general strike

TER A CABINET MEETING: M. Pflimlin is smiling as he leaves the Elysée Palace in Paris. But when news came of the *coup* in Corsica the Prime Minister warned the public that France was facing the danger of civil war.

THE HERO OF THE OPPOSITION: General de Gaulle leaves the church at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises after attending Mass last Sunday morning. On the following day he was visited at his country home at Colombey by a representative of the Prime Minister's staff, with whom he had a three-hour talk. Then in the evening he suddenly set out by car for Paris, 150 miles away, where he arrived soon after 10 p.m. The journey started a spate of rumours, but it seemed the General's trail was lost somewhere outside the capital and his movements remained a mystery for the time being. Early on Tuesday morning he was reported to be back at Colombey.

On left—
SUPPORT FOR THE CORSICAN "COUP": General Thomazo (third from left), a notable figure with his broken nose, and M. Delbecque (fourth from left) join in singing the "Marseillaise" on their arrival in Ajaccio from Algeria.

Below—
DEMONSTRATION IN BASTIA: Steel-helmeted police form a barrier against the crowd in front of the Town Hall in the Corsican town, where the Municipal Council was reported still loyal to Paris.

ERAL MASSU'S STORM TROOPS: Paratroops hold back demonstrators in Ajaccio. Paris feared that some soldiers of General Massu's crack unit might be dropped on Metropolitan France.

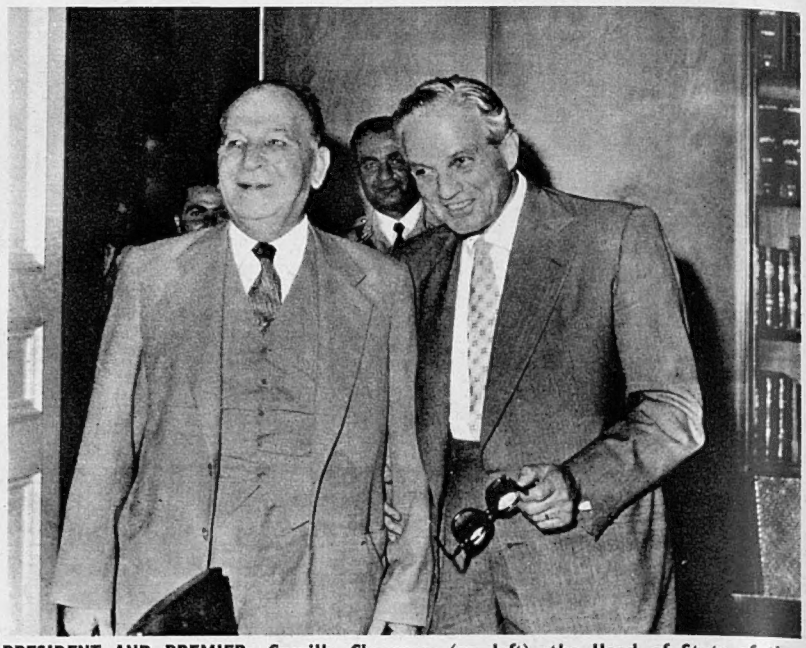
THE CRISIS IN LEBANON

Personalities and Factions in the "Powder Magazine" of the Middle East

Fifty years ago the Balkans were frequently referred to as "the powder magazine" of the world. Events proved only too tragically that the description was justified. To-day one of the areas of the globe in which a spark could set off an international explosion with the direst consequences is obviously the Middle East. Among the Middle Eastern States Lebanon is in a most critical situation.

This little country is a new one among the Sovereign Powers of the world. Detached from the old Ottoman Empire in 1918, it was placed under French Mandate. In 1943 it became an independent Republic. It has a population mixed in both race and religion, combining among its inhabitants Christians, Muslims and Druzes. Thus it has always been internally divided, and these differences have been accentuated as, recently, it has become of prime importance in the international struggle for power. It is flanked by Israel, Syria and Jordan. In other words, Lebanon is a focal-point for all the conflicting interests in the Middle East—isolated Jewry, United Arab Republic and Arab Federation. What is so dangerous is that in the background stand the major powers with their larger rivalries. America has come out openly in support of the present Lebanese regime and is sending arms for the use of President Chamoun in the crisis which amounts to civil war. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is deeply committed to Egypt and Syria, the states of the U.A.R. which President Chamoun alleges are interfering in Lebanese affairs.

AN OPPOSITION LEADER: Saleb Salem drinks coffee in his house in Beirut. He is regarded as one of the leading opponents of President Chamoun.

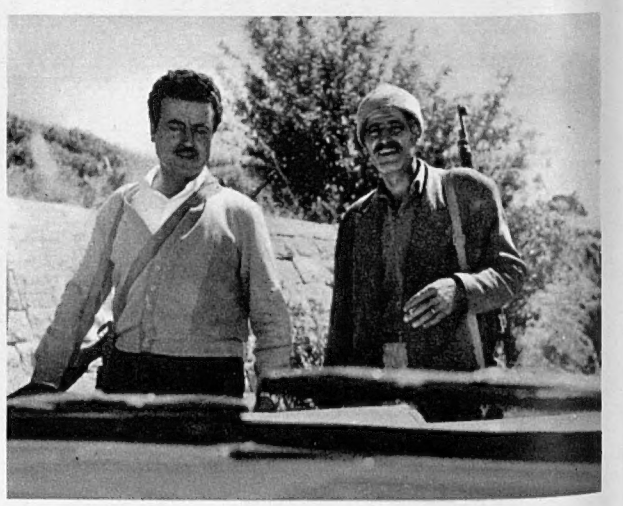


PRESIDENT AND PREMIER: Camille Chamoun (on left), the Head of State of the Republic of Lebanon, stands with Sami Solh, the Prime Minister. Last week the President spoke about the crisis amounting to civil war in his country.

MAINTAINING ORDER IN BEIRUT: A police patrol on motor-cycles rides along one of the main streets of the Lebanese capital. At the beginning of the crisis there were serious riots in Beirut and other towns, with heavy casualties.

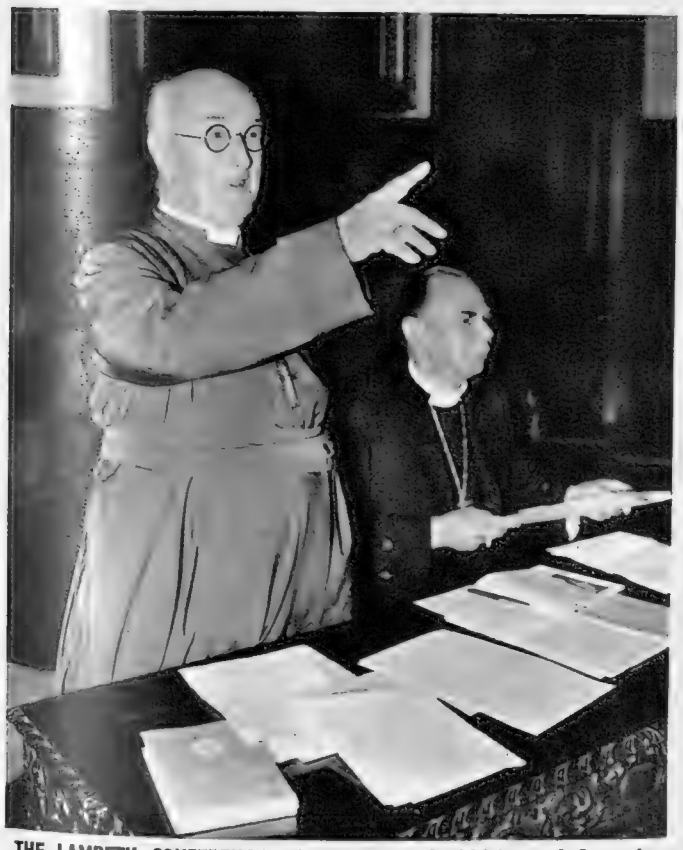
TRIBESMEN PREPARE FOR ACTION: Druzes stand ready with their arms in a Land-Rover in Barouk. They are followers of the Emir Majid. It was reported that this tribe had come to terms with one of their long-standing rivals, the followers of Kamal Jumblatt, and that they would together support the Government.

FOR AND AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT: *Above*—The Druze Emir Majid Arslan holds a rifle and wears a cartridge belt as he is surrounded by his followers in Barouk, in North Lebanon. He supports the Government. *Below*—Two members of a Druze band which is anti-Government.

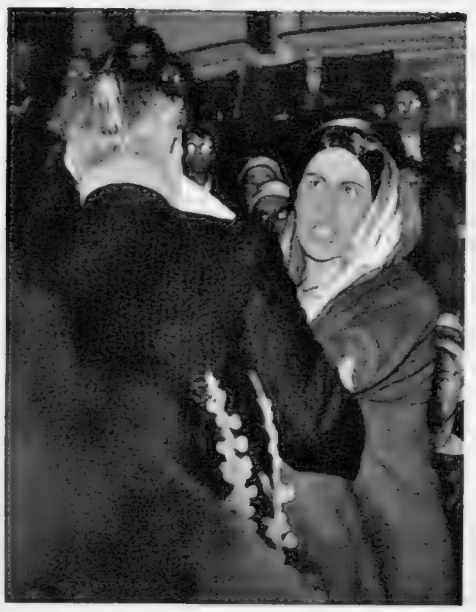


THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SIR VIVIAN FUCHS AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT A LUNCHEON PARTY AT MANSION HOUSE: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott, sits at the head of the table (centre) with Sir Vivian Fuchs on his right ... a private luncheon given at the Mansion House to members of the Transantarctic Expedition. *On right*—Sir Vivian (right) is greeted by Sir Denis Truscott before the luncheon. Among the guests were Viscount Simon and Dr. W. R. Matthews. Recently Sir Vivian Fuchs, the leader, and nineteen members of the Commonwealth Trans-antarctic Expedition were received at Buckingham Palace by the Queen. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, knighted Dr. Fuchs and presented him with the clasp to the Polar Medal. Mr. Kenneth Blaiklock, who was the surveyor for the expedition, received a second clasp to his Polar Medal, four other members received clasps and fourteen received the white-ribboned medal.



THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE OF 1958: The Archbishop of Canterbury speaks at a Press conference in London at which he discussed plans for the Conference which opens at the beginning of July. Sitting by him is the Bishop of Peterborough. Great interest was attached to Dr. Fisher's explanation of the invitation issued to Archbishop Makarios. He declared that it was "exclusively ecclesiastical" and "of no political significance." It was customary to invite as guests the leaders of certain churches in Europe which had fraternal relations with the Anglican Communion. Among others invited this year were the Archbishop of Athens, the Ecumenical Patriarch in Istanbul, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem.



AN INTERRUPTION AS THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSES THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE: *Left*—Mr. Macmillan is warmly applauded by delegates on arrival at the Albert Hall. *Right*—An Indian woman climbs on to the platform at the outset of the Prime Minister's address. Before being escorted out, she shouted: "Indian women and the League of Empire Loyalists say you must go!"

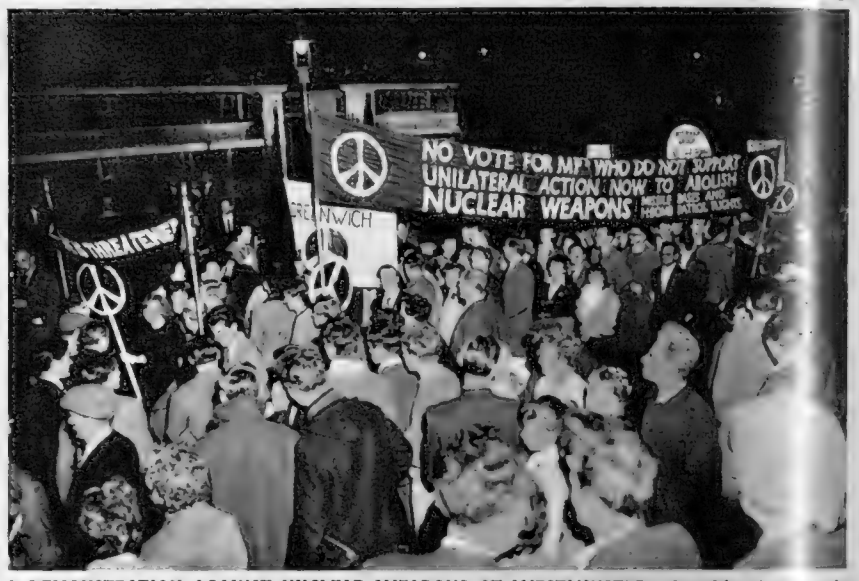
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: He is seen in a Fleet Air Arm helicopter before taking-off from the grounds of Ibrox Stadium, Glasgow, the home of Rangers F.C., for Sauchie, Clackmannanshire, on a stage of his one-day Scottish tour. During it he visited Paisley, Glasgow, Sauchie and Dundee to present awards to young people who have undertaken tests of endurance and initiative under his own scheme. It was the first occasion on which he had handed over the awards in Scotland.

PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL: Her Royal Highness watches a patient riding a rocking-horse during her tour after presenting the awards at the nurses' annual prize-giving.

On right—

WEST GERMAN SOCIALIST CONFERENCE: Herr Ollenhauer, Chairman of the Federal German Social Democratic Party, speaks at the opening of the Party's conference in Stuttgart. Among those present was Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, who earlier in the day had addressed a meeting in German in the market place. The German Socialist leaders were known to be anxious to reorganise their Party on the lines of the British Labour movement and attract into it moderate and liberal elements. However, by the end of the conference a strong radical trend among the rank and file had revealed itself, especially in a desire to reassert the Party's working-class origins.



A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST NUCLEAR WEAPONS AT WESTMINSTER: Outside the Temple Underground Station on the Embankment, in London, a crowd assembles for a procession to Montague Place, behind the British Museum. There they were addressed by Dr. Soper and other speakers supporting the Nuclear Disarmament Mass Lobby Committee. This had organised a procession of people who earlier in the day had gone to Parliament to press their views on their M.P.s. The number was estimated at some 1,400, although the organisers had hoped that between 12,000 and 20,000 would present themselves.

TURKISH YOUTH DAY IN CYPRUS: In a demonstration in Nicosia, two Turkish schoolgirls carry a silhouette portrait of the head of Kemal Ataturk, the founder of modern Turkey, framed in a crescent. Around them are other young Turks in national dress, some carrying Turkish flags. On the evening of the annual Youth Day a torchlight procession was held through the Turkish quarter of the capital of Cyprus. Reports of this greatly alarmed the Greek population, who falsely feared the Turks were marching on them. New proposals for the future of Cyprus are to be announced in Parliament after Whitsun.

TURKISH-CYPRIOT LEADERS: Dr. Fazil Kuchuk (second from left), chairman of the "Cyprus is Turkish" Association, and Dr. Denktash (third from left, with cigarette), leader of the Federation of Turkish Associations, attend Youth Day celebrations in Nicosia.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

OPENING OF THE NEW HIGH COURT IN DAR-ES-SALAAM: Chief Justices of Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda and Zanzibar are among those sitting in front of the new building for the opening by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir. On arrival, Lord Kilmuir was welcomed by the Governor of Tanganyika, Sir Edward Twining.

PERFORMING THE OPENING CEREMONY: Sir Edward Twining presents the silver key of the door of the new High Court building in Dar-es-Salaam to Lord Kilmuir. On the far left is Mr. E. J. Davies, Chief Justice of Tanganyika. Among those at the ceremony were the administrator of the East Africa High Commission, Sir Bruce Hutt, and Lady Hutt.

LEADING FIGURES OF THE ARAB FEDERATION: King Feisal of Iraq, the Head of State of the Federal Union of Iraq and Jordan, sits in Bagdad with General Nuri es Said (in white suit) and Ibrahim Hashim, respectively the first Federal Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister of the Union.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ: Ahmad Mukhtar Baban (right) is congratulated on becoming Prime Minister of Iraq by Ibrahim Hashim, Deputy Premier of the Arab Union. A new Cabinet was necessary in Bagdad because of the resignation of Nuri es Said as Iraqi Prime Minister. This enabled him to become Premier of the Iraq-Jordan Federation. His first Federal Cabinet consists of only three Ministries—Foreign Affairs, Defence and Finance. A wide range of affairs is left for each member State to manage for itself. After his appointment General Nuri es Said stated that the policy of the Federation would be co-operation with all Arab countries without intervention in their internal affairs and increased co-operation with all friendly countries.

A MILITARY CONFERENCE IN TEL AVIV: Major-General Burns (left foreground), the Commander of the United Nations Emergency Force, has a discussion with General Haim Laskov (second from right), the Israeli Chief of Staff, and other officers. It was understood that among the subjects discussed was the continuance of raids by Egyptian Fedayeen from the Gaza Strip.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN FORMOSA: Accompanied by General Chiang Kai-shek, the Shah, in the dark uniform (centre), reviews a guard of honour on his arrival by air at Taipei. Twenty-four Chinese Nationalist Sabre jet fighters escorted his aircraft into Formosa. He was on a five-day State visit.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE RECOVERY OF A U.S. MISSILE CONE: Amid billowing clouds of smoke, a U.S. Army Jupiter I.R.B.M. leaves the launching-pad at Cape Canaveral, in Florida. The Jupiter was fully operational except for a nuclear or thermo-nuclear warhead, and successfully re-entered the atmosphere, when the missile nose cone was recovered by the submarine rescue ship *Escape*. This was the first time that the U.S. have recovered the nose cone of a fully operational I.R.B.M.

COMRADES-IN-ARMS TOGETHER AGAIN: Mr. Eisenhower grins broadly at a remark from Field Marshal Montgomery at a dinner in New York given by the American Management Association. From New York the President took his colleague of wartime days to Washington to be his guest at the White House. There the Deputy Supreme Commander in Europe, who is soon to relinquish his post, had talks with the United States joint Chiefs of Staff and planned to meet military representatives on the NATO standing group. Before arriving in America, the Field Marshal had been in Canada. At Hamilton, Ontario, in an interview with the Press, he said that the nuclear deterrent "staved off war in 1947-48 and has continued to do so ever since. It will not always be enough. If we relinquish our right to develop and use powerful weapons, then war will come that much sooner." He added that war was inevitable if the political climate did not change. The world had made no progress at all towards abolishing war.

On right—

THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE GREAT COMMUNIST CONTROVERSY: Marshal Tito examines a control panel of the first Yugoslav nuclear reactor in the Institute for Nuclear Research in Vincha. The President of Yugoslavia had just put the reactor into operation. At the end of last week there was no sign of the rift being closed between Tito and the nations in the Soviet-Communist bloc. Leaders of Russia and from her satellite States were gathered in Moscow. It was expected they might not only condemn Tito's "revisionism." They might also start trade sanctions against Yugoslavia.

INSURGENTS SURRENDER IN BURMA: Some of the 800 Shan rebels, who recently surrendered to the Burmese Government at Taunggyi, parade after they had laid down their arms. It was reported to be the largest number of Shan insurgents to surrender so far in the long-drawn-out dispute which started in 1948 between them and the Government of the Republic of Burma.

CANADIAN COMMERCE LUNCHEON IN LONDON: Reading from the left at the luncheon given by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Great Britain to Lord Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, are: Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent-General for Ontario; Lord Home; Mr. J. S. Rodgerson, President of the Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. G. A. Drew, High Commissioner for Canada in London. In Vancouver, Sir William Rootes, Chairman of the Dollar Exports Council, who has completed a month's Canadian tour with members of the British trade mission delegation, has said that opportunities for the expansion of trade between Britain and Canada are "tremendous."

HEATING A SOCCER PITCH: Engineers of the Merseyside and North Wales Electricity Board are laying a 32-mile network of cable 6 ins. below the surface of Everton Football Club's ground at Goodison Park for a heating installation which is the first of its kind on a British sports field. In the foreground an electrician tests the current through part of the cable waiting to be covered. When the current is switched on, the heated cable warms the turf above, and an automatic control adjusts the heat according to the weather.

World Affairs

THE RIVEN SOUL OF FRANCE IN TRIBULATION

By JOHN CONNELL

THE greatness of France persists through all her tribulations. It is the measure of the folly and failure of Western policy in the past decade that Frenchmen should take up arms against Frenchmen, that this battered and heroic people should—after all that they have endured—stumble wearily and bitterly into something near civil war. Where lies the real blame for these tragic events? Primarily, I believe, not with the people of France at all; not with the insurrectionist soldiers and the fiercely angered civilians in Algeria, not with Charles de Gaulle, not even with the baffled and desperate politicians. These misfortunes have been brought on France by a most unhappy combination of venomous Soviet-Arab hostility and decisions and actions by her chief partners in the Atlantic Alliance which were considerably against France's true interests.

The leaders of Arab nationalism and their Russian backers eagerly desired some such catastrophe as this; but Britain and the United States nudged and jostled France into it; and the major part of the blame—it is my unshakeable conviction—lies with those who, proclaiming their determination to wipe out the sin of colonialism, led the long, disastrous flight from responsibility and plain duty, and gave European civilisation (after three centuries of expansion and consolidation) the signal for precipitate and humiliating retreat.

Meanwhile, of course, the enemies of France, the enemies of freedom and civilised order everywhere, have no hesitation in shouting "Fascist plot!" They have their own foul axe to grind; but it is a sad, dark moment when a Prime Minister of France (even one as harassed as the present holder of that difficult office) feels compelled to use the ancient, ennobling and unifying cry, "The Republic is in danger!", not, however, in danger, in his view, from her real enemies, external and internal, but from the best, most patriotic and most selfless of her sons.

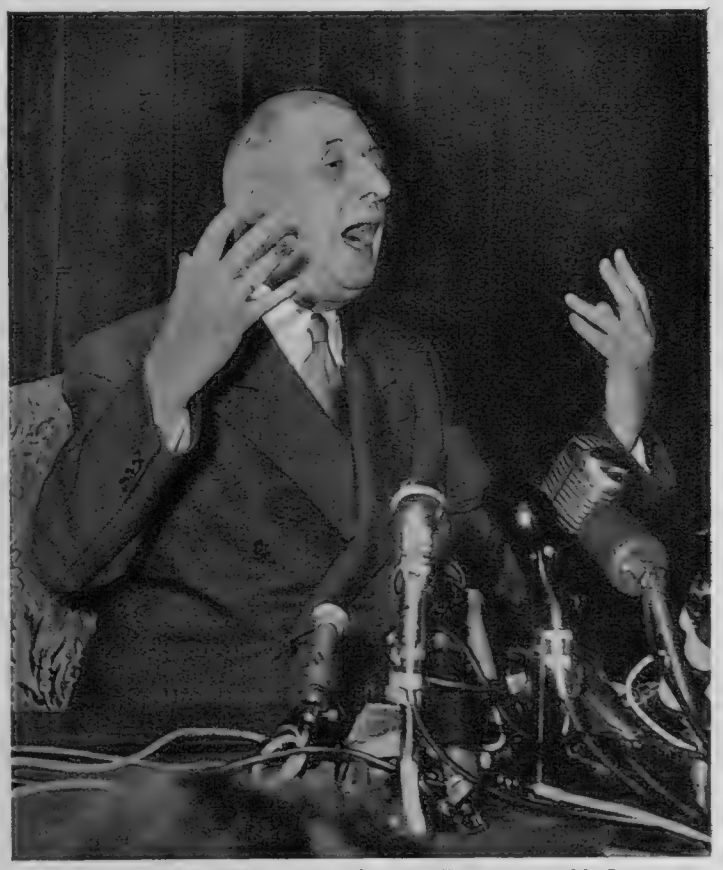
France's soul is riven; and all that her friends can do is to strive to understand the true nature of the crisis by which she is beset. In spite of all the machinations of the Communists, there is not a deep-seated internal conflict, social, economic and spiritual, in France. Some of France's harshest critics come from societies far less cohesive, far less conscious of their own underlying unity, than are the French people. This terrible conflict is imposed from outside; its source is to be found in the blundering (and the malice) of others, not in some desperate division between Frenchmen and Frenchmen. It is not, therefore, in the classic sense, a revolutionary situation at all, though it has eagerly been misrepresented as such. This is not the uprising of the downtrodden. It is a vigorous resurgence of national sentiment and national will. There have been several previous clear indications, along the dusty road of retreat, that in one of the countries being stripped of property and authority and being hustled out of leadership, someone might cry, "Stop! This sinister and cowardly lunacy has gone far enough."

The Dutch did not take their humiliations in the East Indies entirely without protest. To countless Frenchmen Dien-Bien-Phu is memorable and glorious, not simply as a story of military fortitude, but with the symbolism which our ancestors used to attach to Lucknow; for by factual myths of this kind a nation's spirit is enriched and sustained. The French are no more devoid of this characteristic than, say, the Americans or the Russians. But they have had, time and again, to behold their myths desecrated by those who appear to have an equal contempt and dislike for French rights and interests. They have been shamed as well as hurt, and by their allies even more than by their enemies.

The first clue to comprehension of the motives of those who challenged the Paris politicians can be found in their insistence on proclaiming that they were seeking to bring about a renaissance of France in *French Algeria*. To anyone who either supports or appeases Arab nationalism, in its present hysterically expansionist phase, this simple insistence is anathema. The events of the second week in May 1958—by a supremely ironic coincidence eighteen years, almost to the day, since France's last great moral and physical crisis—were the culmination of years of appeasement of the anti-imperialists.

The episode most closely analogous in British history is the Ulster crisis of 1914. But Ulster's stand for the Union, as Lord Cushendun impenitently described it, occurred at the beginning of the long retreat; Algeria is near the end. Surely, however, no one in the United Kingdom who has ever been true to Unionist principles and faith can deny understanding and sympathy to the French in Algeria. What brought the men of Ulster to the breaking-point was the justified fear that, against their constantly expressed desire, they would be put under the rule of an alien majority, differing from them in religion and outlook, hating and despising them.

This is the motive of the French in Algeria. Ulster divided the parties in Britain as no other dispute before or since—not even Munich or Suez—and brought the country to the brink of civil war. On that same brink France wavered for a long time, because the Algerian issue had become completely inseparable from French internal politics. At the Curragh in 1914 British soldiers were faced with the possibility of having to conduct military operations against their own kin; French soldiers have had to act, these past weeks, in an even bleaker predicament.



"I AM READY TO RETURN": General de Gaulle addresses his Press conference in Paris on May 19. In his statement he explained that he was ready to return to political power "if the people wish it."

At least, however, the idea of compelling Ulster to submit to the overlordship of the Southern Irish nationalists was home-made; and the responsibility for it could be laid squarely on the Liberal Government at Westminster. The soldiers and the civilians in Algeria formed their Committees of Public Safety because they feared the entry into office of a Government which would surrender to external pressure—as previous Governments had been compelled to surrender so often.

France has been split in this agonising fashion because the Atlantic Alliance, on this fundamental issue of colonialism, has been disunited from the start, resolute only for drift, adamant only for appeasement. The Americans, because this is axiomatic in their interpretation of their own history, have willed, as steadily and as consistently as they could, the liquidation of the British Empire—and, as a corollary, of other European empires established in its wake.

Successive British Governments, aware of growing material and moral reliance on the United States, lacked the will—as they lacked the man-power and the money—to defend British rights and interests (except belatedly, and in the wrong place), collaborated with a fair show of zest in the destruction of British greatness, and performed a series of acts of abdication, compared with which the withdrawal of the Roman legions from this island in A.D. 410 was a routine manœuvre of no particular importance. The French, equally endangered, but far more clear-sighted, were dragged along at our heels, protesting bitterly at every new enforced retreat.

The climax of this miserable process was the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1954, by which Britain agreed to cede to Nasser's Egypt the vast and vital strategic base established in the Suez Canal Zone. Sir Anthony Eden believed that he could appease Arab nationalism and satisfy the U.S. State Department; the Chiefs of Staff put up a paper demonstrating that, in the nuclear age, Cyprus—Cyprus, of all places—was a better base than the Suez Canal Zone; Sir Winston Churchill allowed himself to be persuaded; and those who, as I did, opposed this tragic piece of ineptitude on various grounds, were called "dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries," "gunboat diplomatists" or "damned Zionists." Things (as Sir Winston himself had observed, eight years earlier, on this same issue) that had been built up with great labour were cast away with great shame. This was the point of no return. This, in our post-war epoch, was the equivalent of the Nazi entry into the Rhineland in 1936. This was the inevitable prelude to ruin.

When Sir Anthony Eden, as Prime Minister, was faced with the first major consequence of the policy which he had pursued, the British and French rallied and tried to stem the spate. The United States Government deliberately shattered that effort, with a muddled and short-sighted exercise of its vast military and political and economic power. It is little use being bitter about this; the Americans have often made this kind of mistake before, and will doubtless do so again.

However, the results are formidable and are by no means finished. France has been brought to the verge of ruin. There are plenty of Frenchmen who are determined that this shall not happen, who have decided that the taste of defeat—even if inflicted for allegedly noble motives by their friends—is not for their mouths.

Circumstances have compelled the French to face the ultimate consequences of the long retreat. We in Britain have usually been able to evade or slur them over: it has been possible to ignore, or forget quite quickly, the fate of loyalists in Southern Ireland in 1921-22, or the massacres in the Punjab in 1947, or for the past eighteen months the sorrow and penury of the former British community in Egypt. The people of metropolitan France cannot forget about more than 1,000,000 of their kinsfolk in Algeria. The time is drawing near, however, when we shall be no longer able to regard with equanimity the fate of our own people overseas if they are faced with subjugation to an alien tyranny, with dispossession and exile.

Greedy hands are clawing out to snatch what has been built up by British enterprise and labour and intelligence in East and Central Africa. We have failed to hold one gate after another. What will we do when it comes—as it has come to the French—to the last pass of all? It ill behoves us now to be chilly or aloof towards the French in their ordeal, and to reprove them when they are battling (as they very well know) for the soul as well as for the bare existence of their country.

In June 1942, after a great rally of his Free French followers in the Albert Hall in London, General de Gaulle, as he has recorded, pondered his self-imposed task and his and his country's destiny. He asked himself if he would have the clear-sightedness, firmness and skill to master the trials which, he knew, lay ahead.

"Even if, indeed, I contrive to lead to victory a people at last united, what will be its future then? How many ruins will in the meantime have been added to its ruins, and divisions to its divisions? At that moment, with the danger passed and the illuminations extinguished, what waves of mud will break over France?"

The man who wrote those words may be a difficult politician; but he is something of a prophet as well as a passionate patriot. Since France's crisis broke in all its intensity, his actions and his words—and his silences—have been those of a patriot whose chief aim is to serve his country as best he can. At his memorable Press conference on May 19 his last words were: "I shall now go back to my village. There I shall hold myself at the disposal of the country." Those are the sentiments not of a would-be Fascist dictator but of a patriot statesman. In this tall Norman something of the spirit of Rome breathes, but it is that of Cincinnatus, not of Sulla.

A NUCLEAR POWER STATION TAKES SHAPE: Under construction is the No. 1 Reactor at the Berkeley project in Gloucestershire. On the right are two of the eight hea exchangers, one of them already raised to a vertical position, the other lying on the ground. They weigh about 125 tons and stand 82 ft. high. In the left background are c er-dams for the intakes through which water will flow to cool the condensers. The nuclear power station, costing between £30,000,000 and £40,000,000, is due to be complet in 1960-61.

WORLD-WIDE BUILDING

Berkeley Nuclear Power Station; the Kariba Dam; and a New British Canal

THE ARMY BUILDS A BRIDGE IN CYPRUS: Members of the Royal Engineers construct a Bailey bridge over a deep gorge to connect two villages. On the left are some of the lattice-work panels which are locked into position to form the structure which carries the wooden roadway. Additional panels can be added to the bridge so that it can carry the heaviest types of tank. These bridges were extensively used during the last war when the average time of construction, even under difficult conditions, was no more than twenty-four hours. A 240-ft. gap can be bridged in six hours. The Army carries out many exercises in bridge-building in Cyprus besides constructional work to help the inhabitants.

A NEW CANAL IN BRITAIN: The barge Kingfish British Transport Waterways, at the hel been officially opened by Lord Rusholm long diversion on the Trent and Mersey Ca been built to bring under control the th

THE RACE TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO THE COFFER-DAM IN KARIBA GORGE: Still full of water where the Zambesi River breached part of the base in February, the dam in Rhodesia is being repaired at high speed to get as much done as possible before the next floods at Christmas. Workmen are sealing the hole in the far side of the circular dam by shuttering off the breach and pumping concrete in under high pressure. The purpose of this hydro-electric scheme in Central Africa is to create a vast reservoir 150 miles long covering an area of 1,600 square miles, and to balance the flow of the Zambesi River during the year so that an even output of power can be achieved.

with Sir Reginald Kerr, the General Manager of sails through Thurlwood Lock after the lock had It is near a new section of canal which forms a 1,750-ft.- near Marston, in Cheshire. The lock and canal have of land subsidence due to past salt-pumping operations.

On left—

A NEW LOCK: The motor vessel *Balmoral*, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, breaks the ribbon stretched across the entrance to the new Prince Philip Lock in Shoreham Harbour, in Sussex. This ceremony officially opened the new lock, which is part of the harbour improvement scheme at Shoreham, costing up to £3,000,000. The scheme is aimed to enable colliers of 4,500 tons to serve the Brighton "B" electric power station. Previously only vessels of up to 1,500 tons could use the port. A new harbour entrance has been built to enable ships to enter and leave more easily, and the channel has been deepened. The Prince Philip Lock is 374 ft. long and 57 ft. wide.

ITALY'S "HIGHWAY OF THE SUN"

Work in Progress on an Ambitious New Motor Road

The Roman road, as opposed to the Chestertonian English road, is traditionally straight. To-day in Italy the latest development of the Roman road is now being built. It is a remarkably ambitious project, even for the heirs of the engineers of the Cæsars' Legions, for the purpose of the new *autostrada* is to cut a route as nearly direct as possible from the northern Italian cities down to Rome and from there to Naples and beyond to the south. The "Highway of the Sun" is already planned from Milan to Naples—a distance of around 500 miles. Work was begun on the first sections of it last year.

Some idea of its scope can be learnt from a few figures. In order to overcome natural obstacles such as the Apennine and the Lepini ranges of mountains, the thoroughfare will require eighty-one tunnels (with a total distance of nine miles) and 304 major bridges and 3,800 smaller ones. The longest bridge will extend for three-quarters of a mile over the River Po, in north Italy. Over the whole 500 miles of the highway, the gradient will never be more than 1 in 27. The cost of the Milan-Naples section is estimated at about £110,000,000. Construction, it is understood, will be spread over six years. Help from foreign loans and aid programmes has been sought. Eventually, however, the Italian authorities are sure that the "Highway of the Sun" will prove a sound investment.

MARKING THE VERGE: An experimental type of rail is painted white at the side of a section of the road being built near Florence.

PREPARING A ROAD LINK BY THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH ITALY: A bridge begins to take shape near Modena. The "Highway of the Sun" is planned to join the cities of the north with Rome and then to run on to Naples and the south, always taking the most direct route.

OPERATIONS ON TWO OF THE 4,000 BRIDGES WHICH WILL BE REQUIRED FOR THE "HIGHWAY OF THE SUN": *Left*—Work has begun to carry the road over the River Secchia, on the Emilia-Modena section. *Right*—Concrete and steel combine in the building of a bridge near Fidenza. The first sections of the new Italian motor road are now being constructed in the 500 miles from Milan to Naples. Eighty-one tunnels will be required, 304 major bridges, and 3,800 smaller ones. The road will cost £110,000,000.

A NEW ADDITION TO THE FLEET WHICH PERFORMS A VITAL INTERNATIONAL SERVICE: *Weather Reporter* lies in the water at Greenock, in Scotland. Formerly the Royal Naval frigate *Oakham Castle*, the ship was transferred to the Air Ministry last year for duty as a weather ship and renamed a fortnight ago by Lord Hurcomb, chairman of the Meteorological Committee. Under the North Atlantic Ocean Station Scheme, a number of countries provide ships to supply weather information from far out at sea.

LAUNCHING A "FLYING SAUCER": A sonde balloon, carrying a radio transmitter slung below it, is sent up to measure temperature, air pressure and humidity. Sometimes these gadgets reach heights of 80,000 ft. When one breaks away in upper air currents, there may be reports of "flying saucers" having been seen.

"WEATHER REPORTER"

A New British Weather Ship Joins the Atlantic Forecasting Service

By GEORGE BLAKE

IF those backroom boys who work out teasers for Brains Trusts and quiz teams would like a nice one, not by any means easy, let me suggest that they invite their victims to explain the code-words—ALPHA, INDIA, JULIET and KILO.

The question is perfectly fair. Indeed, every one of us ought to know the answer. All our lives are affected in some degree by what happens in, at or about ALPHA, INDIA, JULIET and KILO. The work done in those areas closely concerns industry, agriculture, exports, imports, fuel supplies—most of the national economy, in fact—as well as the comfort, health and pleasure of many millions of human beings. It may reduce the attendance at a Cup Final or Test Match, or sway the decision of a suburban gardener whether or not to sow a sixpenny packet of lettuce seed.

These esoteric code-words are given to the positions in the North Atlantic occupied by the Weather Ships either supplied or supported by most North European countries on this side of the ocean, and by Canada and the United States on the other. As befits an island with a great seafaring tradition, Britain supplies most of those floating observatories on this side of the Atlantic.

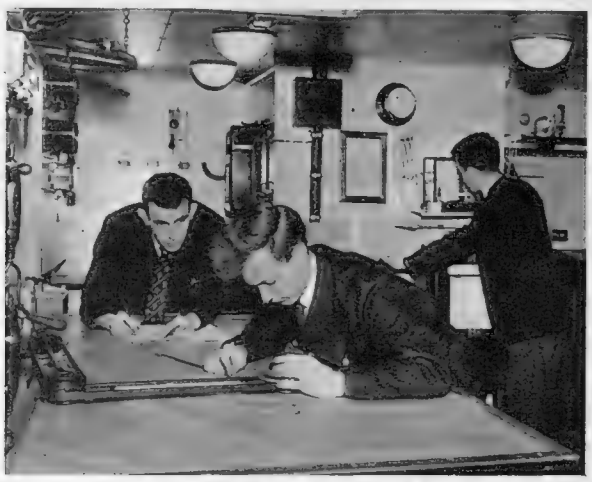
At Greenock on May 16, Lord Hurcomb renamed as *Weather Reporter* the former naval frigate, *Oakham Castle*, converted to meteorological purposes for this great international service. Two hundred delegates attended the ceremony—from Eire and Israel, from Switzerland and Sweden, as well as the more obvious sufferers from cold fronts and shallow depressions—but it is perhaps legitimate to note that Greenock was surely designed by Providence to be the base of our British Weather Ships. This is rather a Scottish joke; but Greenock, a fine man-made harbour within the great natural harbour of the Firth of Clyde, is as notorious for its average annual rainfall of 60-odd inches as is Aberdeen for parsimony.

As we all know, or should know, most of our weather comes off the North Atlantic, and recording its vagaries

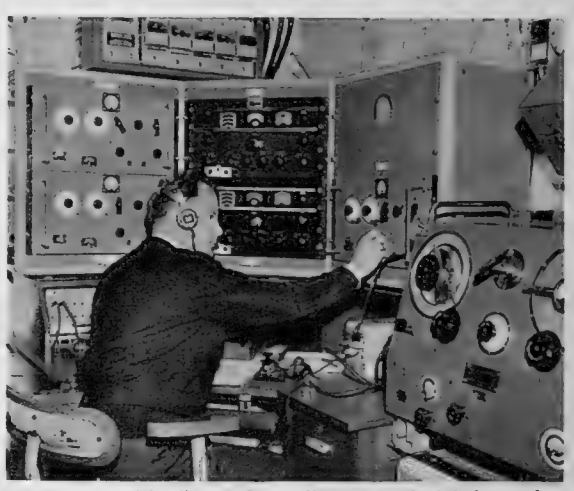
(*Continued on following pages*)

"WEATHER REPORTER"

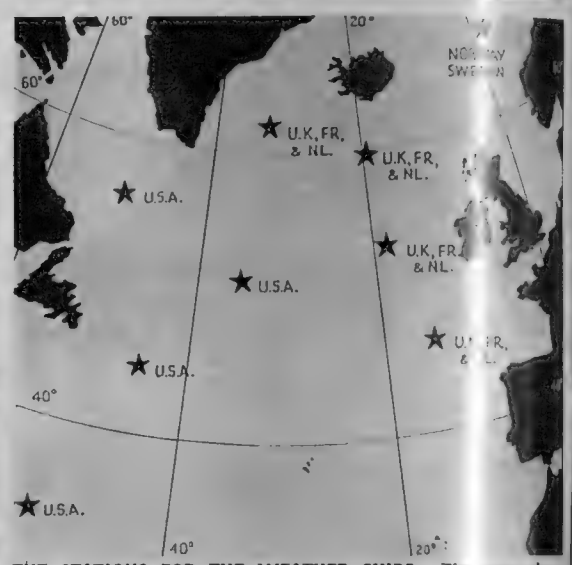
READY FOR HER TASK: *Weather Reporter* is the first of a larger type of vessel to join Britain's fleet of four Weather Ships.



INFORMATION FOR WEATHER FORECASTS IN MANY LANGUAGES: Meteorologists in *Weather Reporter* measure off wind velocities from the Radar Wind Plot in the Met.-cabin.



ESSENTIAL LINK: From the radio room vital information about the weather is transmitted to shore bases and also to aircraft flying over the North Atlantic.



THE STATIONS FOR THE WEATHER SHIPS: The map shows the stations manned by vessels from Britain, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and the U.S.A.

(*Continued from previous page*)

is about as grim a job as a man could choose. That Western Ocean is *never* still; in those relatively small ships that bucket about on constant weather watch he is a lucky man who is *never* sick. As I once heard a former captain of the *Queen Mary* grumble to a young reporter who wanted to know why that great vessel did not make a record crossing every second voyage, "Don't you know, my boy, that North Atlantic weather is three months fog and nine months storm?" So why does Captain A. W. Ford, who takes the *Weather Reporter* out to her station for the first time, cheerfully face his eighty-third voyage in the Weather Ship service?

There are several answers, but the first crude explanation is that it is simply a job somebody has to do. Its importance was forcibly impressed on men of all nations during the Second World War. Obviously, some foreknowledge of the probable weather conditions ahead was of supreme military importance. We should not forget that unpromising forecasts of conditions on D-Day gave General Eisenhower and Allied statesmen sleepless nights. Though the Germans got some advantage in this field through their invasion of Norway, they had to go to extraordinary lengths to set up posts to give them at least an inkling of what was coming at them out of the west.

The peacetime importance of accurate weather forecasting was recognised at an international conference in 1947. It was largely concerned with the problems of civil aviation, and the decision to establish the North Atlantic Ocean Station Scheme took into account the importance of air-sea rescue work. All countries operating transatlantic air services help to finance or work the scheme. The responsibility on our British side rests with the Air Ministry and with the Director-General of the Meteorological Office in particular. Although former naval vessels, each of our Weather Ships flies the Blue Ensign with the yellow, or golden, crest of the Service towards its free end. There are four of these, maintaining in rotation two of the four stations off the North European coasts. The United States have four ships on their side of the Pond.

Now is the time to have a look at the map. The bearings of the four European-manned stations are:

ALPHA. Lat. 62° N., Long. 33° W. That is, roughly, between Greenland and Iceland.

INDIA. Lat. 59° N. Long. 19° W. Again roughly between Iceland and the North of Scotland.

JULIET. Lat. 52° 30′ N., Long. 20° W. Some 300 miles off the Irish coast.

KILO. Lat. 45° N., Long. 16° W. Far out from the Bay of Biscay.

The Governments of France and the Netherlands maintain two ships each, and one from each pair is always on duty. Thus the four oddly-named positions are manned for twenty-four hours of each day of the year by two British ships, one French, one Dutch. The Norwegians have also two ships, but these maintain a special position off their own rugged coast and take over the ALPHA watch at intervals only during the summer.

One uses that word "position" as if it were as fixed as a hitching post in a Wild West township. It is impossible, of course, to anchor or moor a vessel amid the tumbling seas and howling gales of the North Atlantic. Each position is therefore regarded as being 100 square miles in extent, divided on the grid into ten areas of ten square miles each. Inevitably, any Weather Ship drifts or is blown out of exact position, and it is the navigator's regular concern to get her back to the theoretical centre of her beat. To conserve supplies of oil fuel such movements must be economically and neatly planned.

Expert seamanship is thus a big part of the job; while the *Weather Explorer* or one of her sisters is bobbling about in the long, crashing seas of an inexorable ocean, the scientific men are always at their own specialist jobs. There are seven Met. men in each ship, and they have a lot of fun and games according to their strange lights. It is a rough way of putting it, but the business of these experts is not so much that of accurate forecasting as that of providing the main stations ashore with the raw material out of which the considered forecasts are fashioned. These shore stations are Dunstable in England, Rennes in France, and Washington, D.C. In practice, the Weather Ship at ALPHA, whether British, French or Dutch, deals only with the American capital. But rapid intercommunication among the shore stations provides most of the civilised world with the all-over weather picture at any moment of day or night.

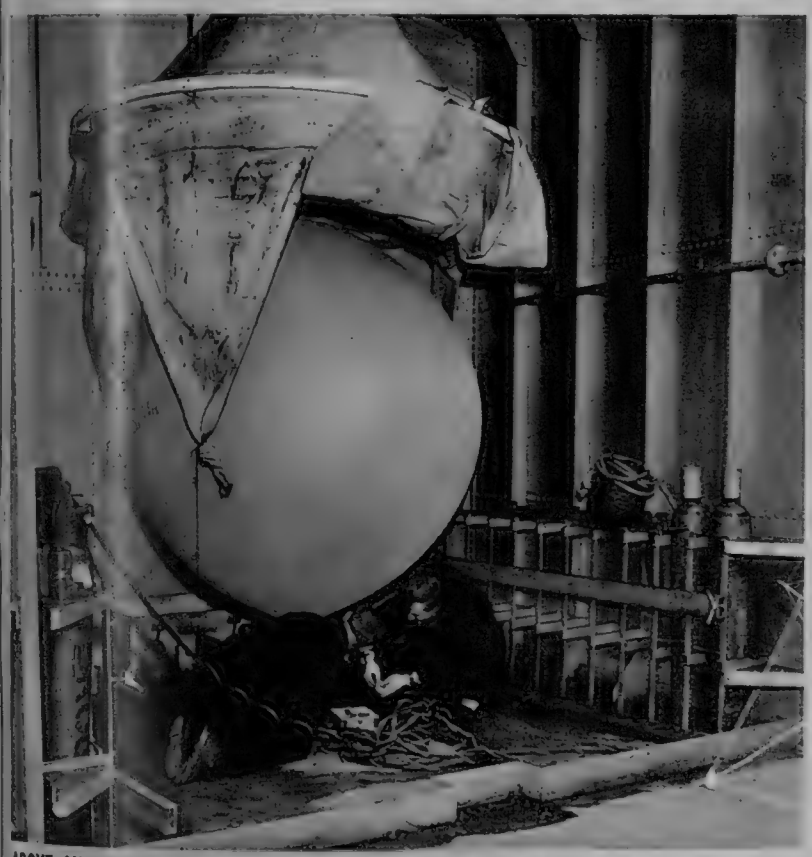
Seven Met. men are not too many for the chores of the day and night—surface observations taken every three hours, upper wind readings every six hours, the release of radio sonde balloons every twelve hours. These gadgets are for measuring temperature, air pressure and humidity at heights of 60,000 or even 80,000 ft. They carry radio transmitters to relay their data to the ships, and when they break away in upper air currents somebody on land is sure to cry havoc with a tale of flying saucers.

If that were not enough, these scientists afloat may undertake research tasks beyond their normal duties. They have carried out seismic experiments for Cambridge University and special magnetic observations for the Admiralty; many have voluntarily added to the lore of ornithology by observing the passage of birds—just as navigating officers and deck crews have experimented with new types of inflatable life-rafts. Captain Ford was the man who worked out the method of retrieving ship's mail dropped from aircraft in bad weather.

It hardly needs saying that the function of the Weather Ship can be properly discharged only if her communications with the shore bases are perfect. To the seven specialist meteorologists add, therefore, six high-powered radio operators and three radar experts, all using the most advanced equipment. The radar man will soon be facing a new set of problems when turbojet aircraft flying high at high speeds come into service. In the same context the new *Weather Reporter* presents her own version of the New Look. The older ships of the Flower class of frigate had black hulls with yellow upperworks and funnels; the first new replacement from the larger Castle class sports a glossy white hull, reckoned to be more easily identifiable from the air.

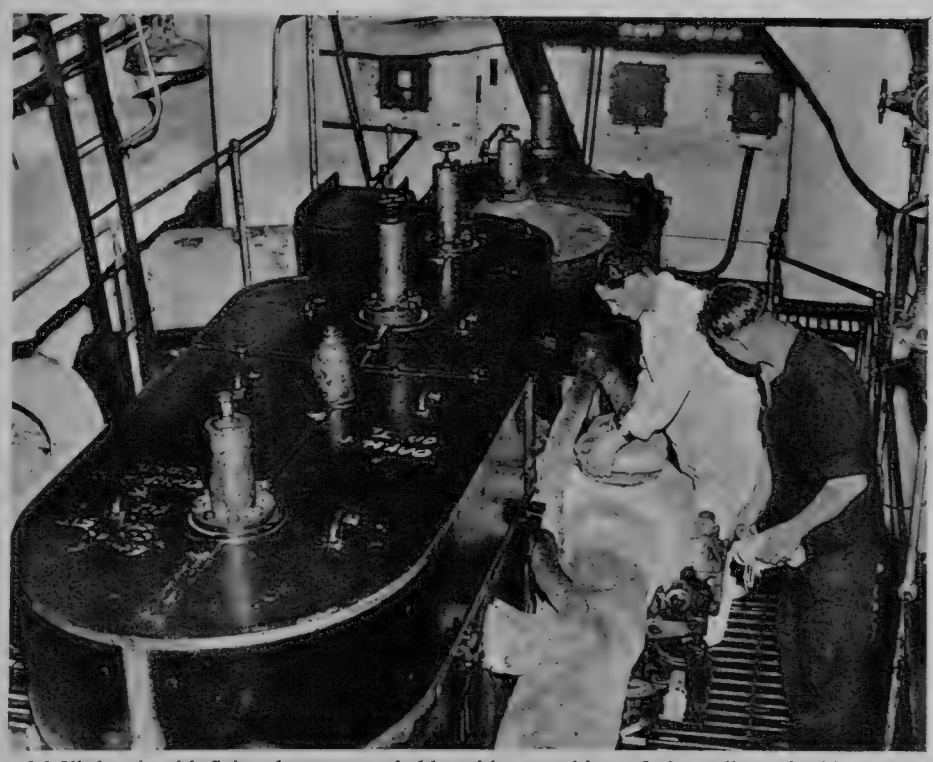
More than fifty officers and men cooped up in small ships on the Atlantic wastes . . . Perhaps most imaginative

A MODERN WEATHER PROPHET : The apparatus containing the radio transmitter is attached to a sonde balloon. The accuracy of this modern weather prophet depends on its ability to transmit precise data from extremely high altitudes.



ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS OF BRITAIN'S LATEST WEATHER SHIP : A sonde balloon is prepared for launching in its special housing at the stern. Balloons are sent up regularly every twelve hours. *On right*—In the engine-room of the vessel.

ON INTERNATIONAL SERVICE : The Blue Ensign with the crest of the Service flies from the masthead of *Weather Reporter*. Below are the flags of some of the other nations in the Weather Ship service. Britain makes the largest contribution on the east Atlantic.



landlubbers, reaching beyond the scientific niceties, will incline to reflect on the purely human aspects of service in the Weather Ships.

It is a hard service. Each ship on duty staggers about its grid position for twenty-four long days on end: days of almost complete darkness on the ALPHA beat during the winter months. According to the position to be occupied, the outward and homeward voyages from and to Greenock take three, five or six days each way at the decorous service speed of 9 knots. In other words, each crew member is from home for at least a month at a time. There is recreation laid on, of course. The R.A.F. Film Corporation provides pictures for two or three shows each week. The radioed strains of Palm Court orchestras are to be heard along the alleyways. Off-duty men work in wood, making models, bits of furniture for the distant home and so on. The serious-minded may pore over the chessboard, the more cheerful fill the air with flying darts. Yes—but all this in exclusively male company for at least thirty days on end?

What about illness and injury? The occupational risk of the latter in smallish ships in usually rough seas is not to be under-rated, but deck officers and chief stewards must have earned first-aid certificates. At any moment of day or night the radio operators can call up the R.A.F. Hospital at Dunstable and get directions, as any one of us at home may ring the family doctor in an emergency. In a rare, extreme case the Weather Ship can fall out of position and rush the patient, at the full speed of 14 knots, to the nearest port with good hospital facilities.

The question still abides. Why do men choose this way of living? There are again several answers to that. The average Weather Ship man is nearly a special type, probably with something of the solitary in his nature. He differs in that respect from the average merchant seaman, whose ship is always moving on to another port of vivid interest. Generally speaking, he is usually a strong, solid, married man in early middle-age.

For a steady chap the compensations are considerable. Beyond his baccy and the odd and very small luxury from the canteen he cannot spend money. The pay-packet to be collected at the end of every tour of duty is well-filled. Above all, the regularity that is the feature of the weather service gives him one strange advantage over other men. So tight is the roster of appointments, the regular hand in any ship can calculate to within a day or two where he is likely to be months hence.

Those of us who lie in safe and steady beds at night should remember that the Weather Ship men deserve such recompenses for their arduous and vital labours.

ON OAK APPLE DAY

The Obscure Origins of Traditional Ceremonies On May 29 at Wishford, Chelsea and Northampton

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LAST Thursday was Oak Apple Day. Did that make any difference to you? Did it make any difference to your village, any difference to the neighbourhood in which you live? Did it alter in any way the even tenor, the ordinary routine, of your everyday life? Did you, in fact, know that it was Oak Apple Day? Did you, on waking, say to yourself, "Ah, it's Oak Apple Day: good," and bustle off downstairs, knowing that it was a special day and that things would be different? Or did you just know that it was Thursday, May 29, just another Thursday, and go off to the office or whatever the same as usual?

I ask these questions, which may well seem to you to be rather silly and pointless, for a reason. I have been reading a list of the events, anniversaries, ceremonies, and so forth, which take place in Britain, a list prepared and published, I suppose (for I can think of no other reason), for the benefit of American tourists who may wish to study the quaint behaviour of the natives. There, as large as life, along with the English Folk Dance Festival, the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, the Royal Windsor Horse Show, the Chelsea Flower Show, the Padstow Hobby Horse, the Helston Flora, the Brass Band Festival, the Bath and West, the Hereford Mayfair, the Riding of the Bounds at Berwick, the Cup Final, the Wiksworth Well Dressing, and a host of other events (all of them of some importance, at least locally) was "Oak Apple Day, May 29." It gave me quite a shock. I had always thought that I was fairly well up in the quaint customs of the English. I began to wonder what I had missed.

Not that I know nothing about Oak Apple Day. I was taught about that at the very first school I ever went to, and I was taught about "oak apples" very early on also, and have been intensely interested in them and other galls ever since. It has always struck me as strange that so sturdy a tree as the oak should be so subject to attack by this little wasp-like insect with its two united pairs of transparent wings. I believe that the number of species of gall-forming insects which attack the oak runs into hundreds. The gall, the oak apple, is a sort of nest in which the eggs of the insect are laid. But the odd thing is that the insect does not make the nest herself. All she does is to lay her eggs in the tissues of the stem. After that the tissues begin to develop abnormally around the eggs (I have never seen an explanation of why this happens) and eventually form a gall, which is at first green. In other words, the nest grows on its own; it is not fashioned by the insect as is the nest of a bird or a wasp. I think that this is one of the marvels of natural history.

The eggs hatch inside the tissue of the gall, and the larvæ start feeding on the surrounding tissue which they gradually reduce to a powdery mass. The gall changes in colour from green to light brown. When the larvæ are mature, they eat their way out of the gall, leaving clean, circular holes behind them. But that is not all that happens in a gall. It provides food and a home for other tiny insects, which cannot make galls for themselves, and live parasitically on the work (and perhaps on the larvæ: I do not know) of the true gall-former. There is a whole microscopic world at work in an oak apple.

To return to Oak Apple Day: I was taught about Oak Apple Day when I was a very small boy, and I remember, as a very small boy, seeing one or two of the men in the village wearing oak twigs, with oak apples on them, in their hats. I suspect that it was in answer to a question about this unusual form of decoration that I was taught about Oak Apple Day. But it is now many years since I have seen anything of that sort.

Of course, something does happen on Oak Apple Day. There is a very considerable ceremony at Wishford, in Wiltshire. The villagers have the right to gather dry wood in Grovely Great Wood, and once a year to cut the largest branch of green wood they can carry. To preserve this right there is a procession up the village street with drums, bugles and a banner, bearing the words, "Grovely, Grovely, and all Grovely." The procession stops outside every house and the words are shouted, and then everyone goes into the wood to gather boughs which are set before the doors of the village houses. Later another procession forms, with a band at its head, behind which come four women with faggots on their heads, then children in fancy-dress, and finally men carrying oak boughs. This procession marches all round the village, bearing the banner, and shouting "Grovely, Grovely, and all Grovely!" The rest of the day is given up to sports and holiday-making.

It is some years since I last visited Wishford on Oak Apple Day, and the custom may have died out—I suspect that the right to cut the largest green bough they can carry has gone, anyway!—but I think not, for there used to be a local society which imposed fines on anyone who failed to cut a branch on the appointed day. This was very wise, for many an ancient right has been forfeited through failure to observe the customary ceremonies.

This is a sight which could not fail to intrigue the curious tourist. Unfortunately, it has no connection whatever with Oak Apple Day as such. Oak Apple Day celebrates the day (which happened also to be his birthday) on which Charles II returned to England from exile. That the Wishford ceremony also takes place on May 29 is no more than coincidence: its origins go much further back. There is a document, dated 1603, which sets out the rights of the villagers and the customs and ceremonies by which those rights may be preserved. This is in itself sufficient to show that the whole thing, both rights and ceremonies, is much older still.

Oak Apple Day was a day of great rejoicing for England, for it meant freedom from the dictatorship (that was what it was: the first of, and in some measure the model for, all modern dictatorships) of Oliver Cromwell. It was then that men and women first wore twigs of oak, symbol of the tree that sheltered the monarch and thus brought them liberty. It was a day widely and genuinely celebrated then and for perhaps 150 years afterwards. Here and there, men and women wore twigs of oak in their caps and bonnets, until much later: perhaps up to the First World War.

Now, so far as I know, such twigs are worn nowhere: only Northampton, perhaps, and Chelsea celebrate Oak Apple Day as such. I expect that Northampton still does so, because it is an ancient town and one not likely to cast aside tradition lightly. The tradition is that on May 29 the children shall wear gilt sprigs of oak in their caps and that the local statue of Charles II shall be decorated with boughs of oak. This has nothing to do with the return from exile: it is in recognition of a great kindness done to the town by Charles after the terrible fire which almost destroyed it in 1675. I hope that the tradition never dies out, but I doubt if there is now enough of ceremony to attract the tourist.

The statue of Charles II at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is also decorated with oak boughs on May 29. Here there is all the ceremony anyone could wish for, for this is "Founder's Day," the day of the annual inspection and march-past of the pensioners, and the day on which the old-time scarlet coats replace the winter coats of blue.

Beyond this—and at Chelsea it is "Founder's Day" rather than "Oak Apple Day"—I should have said that Oak Apple Day had been wholly forgotten. I have asked several people of my acquaintance, both children and adults, and have found that not one of the children has so much as heard of it, and that though most of the adults had heard of it (if vaguely) only a few of the more elderly knew that it had a connection with Charles II. On the other hand, the only two Americans I have asked about it, one a teen-age girl, the other a Negro sergeant in the Air Force, knew all about its connection with Charles II; although not quite accurately, for both thought that it commemorated the actual day on which he hid in the Boscobel oak.

But I must be wrong, for there it is in the list. And I am delighted to see it there. But is the day still remembered and celebrated anywhere else in the country? Do men and women wear twigs of oak in any of our villages? If so, I should be glad to know where.

"BY RIGHT AND ANCIENT CUSTOM": On Oak Apple Day at Wishford, in Wiltshire, the villagers celebrate their right to gather dry wood in Grovely Great Wood. Behind the Maypole is the ancient village fire-engine. *On left*—The villagers march in procession through the street bearing oak branches. Afterwards the villagers celebrate a May Day festival with a May queen.

A FORT ON SHOW

The Old Tilbury Fort in Essex, is Open to the Public

The fortifications at Tilbury originated in 1539, when King Henry VIII erected a system of coastal defences on the Essex and Kent shores to prevent a seaborne invasion of the Thames Estuary. Although the original fort continued to exist until the nineteenth century, there are now no visible remains of the Tudor construction. In 1588, at the time of the threat of invasion by the Spanish Armada, the fort underwent its first major rebuilding and an extensive ring of earthwork defences was planned on the landward side. Eighty or so years then passed before the next extensive reconstruction. This followed the raid by the Dutch Fleet on the Thames and Medway in 1667, and the blockhouse of the 1539 structure was incorporated in the southern point of a new pentagonal brick fort with a bastion at each angle. In addition to the batteries on the bastions of the main fort, two great batteries, designed to mount seventy-five cannon, were built along the estuary front in advance of the fort. On the landward side the fortress was surrounded by a wide moat, beyond which was a series of earthwork defences, strengthened by further batteries and an additional moat. Other alterations were made in 1867 with adjustments in the present century. Since the fort came into the keeping of the Ministry of Works extensive repairs have been put in hand. Much work, however, is still necessary to complete the restoration.

TILBURY FORT OPENS ITS DOORS TO THE PUBLIC: The watergate in the left centre was built in 1682, and the guard-room, which has a chapel over it, dates from the late seventeenth century. Tilbury Fort, which has been a coastal defence from the sixteenth century, was taken over by the Ministry of Works from the War Office in 1949. Since then the Ministry has carried out preservation work and war damage repairs. It is now open to the public throughout the week.

On right—

INSIDE THE FORTRESS: An interior view of one of the old powder magazines. These eighteenth-century magazines are connected by long corridors.

OUTSIDE THE MONUMENTAL WATERGATE: The Minister of Works, Mr. Hugh Molson, speaks at the opening ceremony. Although many repairs have been carried out, in various parts of the fortress, much preservation work still remains to be completed.

GUARDING THE THAMES: *Left*—A gun battery on the west bastion which overlooks the river. *Right*—From the outside the camera looks across part of the moat and wall towards the shipping and harbour. Tilbury Fort is described as being one of the very few surviving examples in Britain of the great age of artillery fortification. It provides the best and perhaps the only opportunity in this country to display the principles of the late seventeenth-century fortification in an intelligible manner.

A HELICOPTER ASSAULT: Troops standing on a tank recovery vehicle on Eastney Beach, Southsea, in Hampshire, keep watch as five helicopters from No. 701 Fleet Air Arm Squadron come in low over the sea and hover above the beach before landing to allow Royal Marine Commandos to climb out. The assault formed part of "Run Aground IX," a demonstration in amphibious operations designed to show students of the Royal Naval Staff College some of the craft, methods and equipment used in such an operation.

A helicopter assault, such as might be mounted from a Commando carrier with a Royal Marine troop being landed behind the beach area, was enacted on Eastney Beach, Southsea, as part of "Run Aground IX," a demonstration designed to show Staff College students some of the craft, methods and equipment used in amphibious operations. Similar demonstrations have taken place annually in recent years, although one was not held last year as a consequence of the fuel economy measures in force at the time. Although on a smaller scale, the planned landing was similar to that staged by Royal Marines at Port Said. On that occasion, for the first time in military history, helicopters operating from aircraft-carriers were used to land an assault force of several hundred men in action.

At Eastney, the helicopters used came from the 701 Fleet Air Arm Squadron, based at the R.N. Air Station, Lee-on-Solent, and the Joint Experimental Helicopter Unit. An important phase of the demonstration was an assault by an infantry battalion with supporting arms against a lightly defended beach. This assault was carried out by the 1st Battalion, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, supported by a Centurion tank troop of the Queen's Own Hussars, a Field Artillery troop of the 42nd Field Regiment, R.A., and also ma... of 80 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artiller... Later, at Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight, methods used l... Commandos when attacking a cliff-lined coast were de...onstrated by 42 Commando, Royal Marines, landing ...rom H.M.S. *Vigo*, which was close offshore. In addit...n to ships of the Royal Navy, squadrons of the Fleet Air Arm and Royal Air Force, hundreds of Army offi...rs and other ranks took part in "Run Aground IX."

BRINGING GUNS AND TANKS ASHORE: Troops jump aboard a Land-Rover after attaching a light (25-lb.) gun to the rear of the vehicle. The gun and Land-Rover were brought ashore in a new L.V.T. P.5, from which more troops can be seen emerging through the hatches. *On right*—A Centurion tank of the 7th Hussars is driven down the ramp of one of the tank landing craft on to Eastney Beach.

AN ATTACK BY AN INFANTRY BATTALION: Royal Scots Fusiliers run down the ramps of infantry landing craft and charge up the beach. Behind them came infantry vehicles and support artillery and landing craft with the Centurion tanks of the 7th Hussars. As the assault force neared the beaches, ships of the Royal Navy and naval aircraft attacked the beach defences and provided covering fire. More than 1,000 men took part in the demonstration, which was watched by Lord Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty.

RECOVERING A LORRY: The driver of a three-ton lorry which has stalled in the water leans out of the roof of the driving cabin and hands a hook to one of the men on a Centurion tank which has come to the rescue.

DEMONSTRATION IN AMPHIBIOUS WAR

Over 1,000 Men Take Part in the Exercise "Run Aground IX" at Southsea

ANOTHER EXERCISE IN THE AMPHIBIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS: A helicopter transports a light truck over Eastney Beach. Although on a smaller scale, the planned landing was similar to those staged by the Royal Marines at Port Said. On that occasion helicopters operating from aircraft-carriers were used for the first time to land an assault force of several hundred men in action.

FLORAL BEAUTY AT CHELSEA

International Flavour at the Chelsea Flower Show

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family were among the first to admire this year's exhibits at the Chelsea Flower Show, held by the Royal Horticultural Society in the grounds of the Royal Hospital. For several hours at a private pre-view they walked round the 3½-acre marquee looking at what was surely the greatest assembly of flowers and plants ever to be staged at a single show.

The Chelsea Flower Show is becoming more international annually and this year visitors had their attention directed to a number of outstanding exhibits from the Continent. Perhaps the most unusual of these was the *jardin potager*, a typical French garden, which was sent by Vilmorin-Andrieux, of Paris. Of particular interest in this garden were the apple and pear trees, some of which were over forty years old and trained into unusual shapes. Another new feature was a replica of a Dutch shrub nursery, complete with a canal and a barge overflowing with beautiful flowering plants. The West German Horticultural Society provided a collection of greenhouses and room plants and hothouse flowers, while from Aalsmeer, the centre of the Dutch flower industry, was a beautiful " garden " comprised of pot plants and cut flowers. Of the British exhibits, spectacular displays by leading seedsmen were the dominant feature. The Royal Horticultural Society's own contribution was a superbly colourful Japanese garden.

A PEACEFUL COUNTRY SCENE NEAR THE CENTRE OF LONDON : This rock garden and miniature waterfall, by George Whitelegg, of Knockholt, Kent, was one of the more outstanding features of the Chelsea Flower Show, held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital.

On left—

FROM PARIS: *Jardin potager* depicts a French garden in which the flowers and vegetables are combined each in their formal beds or borders and the fruits trained as single, double or triple cordons and goblets.

On right—

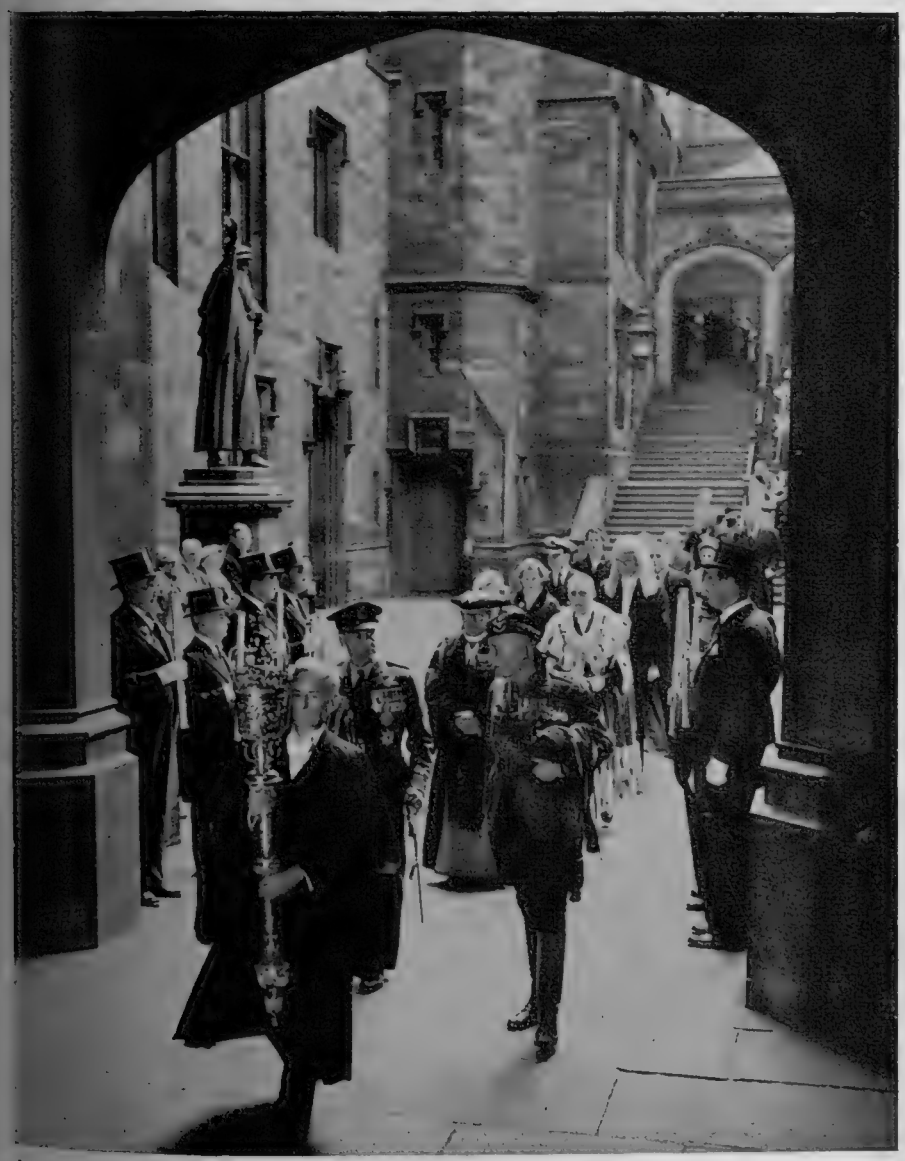
AN ATTRACTIVE PRODUCE STAND: Various types of vegetables, fruit and flowers, all superb examples of skilled horticulture are displayed in abundance on the stand arranged by the National Farmers' Union.

DUTCH AND ENGLISH EXHIBITS: *Left*—Among features new to the Chelsea Flower Show was this replica of a Dutch shrub nursery with its impeccably straight rows of azaleas, conifers, dwarf and Japanese maples, and many other types of popular shrubs. The canal, spanned by a wooden bridge, intersects the nursery and on it floats a barge laden with rhododendrons. *Right*—Typical of the many striking British exhibits on view was this display of herbaceous plants which includes bearded irises and lilies.

THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE 1958 GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: A general view of the scene looking towards the Throne Gallery in the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh at the start of the annual proceedings. In the centre of the gallery, at the place of honour, is the Queen's representative, the Lord High Commissioner, who this year is the Duke of Hamilton. The new Moderator, the Right Rev. Dr. John A. Fraser, is standing facing him on the dais immediately below the gallery, and to the left of the Moderator's chair is Dr. Fraser's predecessor, the Very Rev. George F. Macleod, who is well known as the leader of the Iona Community. Robed delegates from several town councils sit on each side of the Clerk's table. During the proceedings in the Hall a letter was read from the Queen. In addition to the ceremony in the Assembly Hall there was the opening service at St. Giles' Cathedral. One of the first subjects on a long agenda to be discussed by the Assembly was the possibility of Ministers being appointed as life peers to sit in the House of Lords. Of particular interest to churchmen in both England and Scotland will be the Assembly's reaction to any discussions concerning closer relations with the Anglican Communion, with particular reference to the proposal of Scottish "Bishops - in - Presbytery."

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Traditional Ceremonial in Edinburgh for the Annual Assembly of the Church of Scotland



IN PROCESSION: Preceded by the Mace-bearer, the Duke of Hamilton walks from the Assembly Hall after the opening meeting. On his left is Sir Edward Stevenson, the Purse-bearer. Following are the Duke's chaplain, the Duchess of Hamilton and the Lord Provost.

THE NEW MODERATOR WITH HIS PREDECESSOR: Dr. John A. Fraser (second from left) stands with the Very Rev. George F. Macleod (right). On the left is the Rev. F. S. Gordon Fraser and in the background is the Rev. John Anderson.

LAUNCHING A GIANT HEAT EXCHANGER: Crowds, including many cameramen, watch the 200-ton heat exchanger, built of steel and destined for the Nuclear Power Station at Bradwell, in Essex, slide down the slipway at Thornaby-on-Tees. On account of its size—92 ft. 4½ ins. long—it could not be sent by road or rail from the works at Thornaby of Head Wrightson and Co., Ltd., a member of the Nuclear Power Plant Company. It was decided that as the fabricating shops and the power station are both situated on rivers on the East Coast, it was possible to send the heat exchanger by sea.

GOING BY SEA

A Heat Exchanger is Towed to the Nuclear Power Station at Bradwell

After it had been launched on a slipway greased with tallow and soft soap, it was towed by tug to Bradwell. There a concrete slipway was built, down which a carrier was run. The heat exchanger was floated into position over this vehicle and as the tide fell came to rest on it. The Central Electricity Authority has ordered twelve heat exchangers, which provide steam from the heat generated from two nuclear reactors. All the heat exchangers are being floated to Bradwell from Head Wrightson's works at Thornaby-on-Tees. Each consists of a vertical pressure vessel, 19 ft. in diameter over the major portion of its length. Tubing carries water upwards in two circuits, one low pressure and the other high pressure. The water becomes steam heated to a temperature of 704° F. Due to the possibility of damage to the thermal sleeves during the towing, these are protected by timber fenders bolted into position over each bank of sleeves.

ON THE SLIPWAY: During a hydrostatic test before launching, the heat exchanger was tested to a pressure of 270 lb. per sq. in. Great care was taken to ensure that the vessel was watertight. *On left*—The heat exchanger floats in the water.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

CASTING TO A NEW PATTERN: *The Thames Foundry of the Ford Motor Co. at Dagenham*

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

AT the core of every motor vehicle is an irregularly-shaped case of thick metal, elaborately designed to withstand high temperatures and pressures, pierced through in various directions with bores and channels to make use of the process of internal combustion and to distribute cooling water and lubricating oil throughout the engine—the cylinder block. Physically, in modern efficient engines, it need not nowadays be very big: its weight is perhaps less than a tenth of the unladen weight of the complete car. Coming close to the beginning of the intricate chain of complex engineering techniques that constitute modern automobile manufacture, this central part is produced in the way that men first learned to form metal, and usually of the metal man has worked the longest—as an iron casting. So are a considerable number of other basic components of every motor engine and transmission.

A "captive foundry," therefore, is one of the primary departments of every big motor works. And to adapt the age-old technique of iron casting (pouring molten metal into sand moulds to cool and set) to the demands of high-volume production has always been a problem for the automotive production engineer. But he starts with some advantages over, say, the director of a jobbing iron-foundry. The castings he wants are of standard shapes and sizes over long periods, and so, broadly, are the proportions in which he wants them. The numbers of particular models of car, commercial vehicle, or tractor will vary from time to time, but one does not suddenly begin to need three differential casings to one cylinder block. His moulding and handling equipment can be designed for fairly precise limits of weight and size, and to work steadily. There is no need for the pits to mould big, odd-shaped castings nor for the vast stock of infrequently-required moulds and cores that make the average jobbing foundry, to the outsider, look a complete shambles.

The chance to plan for steady production of a predetermined range of items gives the motor industry the chance to make foundry work a much less unpleasant business. There is no burking the fact that general conditions in foundries are arduous and oppressive to a degree encountered in few other occupations except mining. Temperatures are high, and the air may be tainted by the breath of the furnace as well as full of sand and fine dust; the floor underfoot is often uneven and may be soft earth. There is a good deal of manhandling of heavy awkward objects to be done. "Fettling," the removal of waste metal from rough castings with pneumatic hammers and chisels or abrasive "wheelabrators," is a particularly tough, tiring and dangerous job.

Ford Motor's huge works at Dagenham has always possessed one of the most highly-mechanised foundries in British engineering, using iron from the blast furnace there. This is the only one in any British motor works, and, indeed, the only one in the South of England. (Among the other distinctions of that furnace are that it was the first really modern furnace erected in Britain, and that it was the only one exempted, under special arrangements, from the short-lived nationalisation of British steel.) That foundry employs more than 3,500 men; it is turning out some 72,000 separate castings a day. By average foundry standards, its working conditions are good. Nevertheless, as part of the £65,000,000 expansion and modernisation programme that Ford began late in 1954, a new Thames Foundry has been opened this week at Dagenham that completely outclasses it—and most other foundries in the world.

The parent company, Ford of Detroit, has always been a pioneer in the development of further mechanisation in foundries. This is a necessary precursor to the "automation" of machining and assembly, of which Ford first coined the name and has since the war developed the meaning. A large proportion of the transfer machining that is known as "Detroit automation," in which a work-piece is passed automatically through a succession of "stations" for multiple metal-cutting heads to work on it, is done on castings of one kind and another.

One of the first show-places of "automation" in the United States was the highly mechanised engine factory at Cleveland. This was fed with castings by a foundry in which power aids for the workman, mechanical handling, and dust removal were developed to a high degree. The foundry at Cleveland, and others erected in the American motor industry since, were studied by Ford engineers before they planned the new Thames Foundry at Dagenham. Taking advantage of the lessons learned there, they have built, in this new foundry, probably the most efficiently mechanised unit of its kind anywhere in the world's motor industries.

The whole of the 1,200-ft.-long main building, on two storeys, has been planned for flow production. At one end pig iron, steel and scrap are melted in four coke-fired cupolas, which discharge hot molten iron into 8-ton receivers. From these, in their turn, are filled the ladles from which the hot metal is poured into the sand moulds. These ladles, a kind of metal barrel suspended from a monorail conveyer, travel round the pouring area under electric power, individually controlled by each operator. He tilts the ladle on its support to pour metal into the moulds of sand inside metal boxes, with their internal "cores" of sand baked hard with oil and flour. These form the cavities inside the eventual castings. Hooks reach down to lift the castings from the mould boxes on their conveyer, and carry them across to a neighbouring building for cooling.

After about three hours, the castings have the sand and internal cores knocked out by vibrators; any surface irregularities are removed by a bank of grinding machines. Back they go, at the steady and unhesitating pace of the conveyer, across to fettling lines in the main building, and thence to the machine shops of the engine department. Elsewhere in that main building the internal moulding cores are constantly being formed and baked, twenty-four hours ahead in the cycle of operations. The special mixtures of sand required for different kinds of core are actuated automatically by insertion of punched cards into the weighing system, then delivered pneumatically to the "core-blowing machines," where the cores are formed before baking.

All the air that enters the building is cleaned, warmed in winter and fan-cooled in summer; the whole air content of the foundry is changed seven times an hour, and that of the moulding and fettling departments as many as sixteen times an hour. Steam heaters round the edge of the building compensate for heat losses: windows and fans are controlled thermostatically.

Operation of Ford's new foundry will employ 1,500 men and about 15,000 Kilowatts of electrical power. Building started in March 1955 and was completed ahead of schedule. Work first began in certain departments at about the end of last year. The foundry has been formally announced as in operation this month, and it will fairly rapidly work up towards full capacity. Its planned capacity is about 400 tons of castings a day—roughly two-thirds of the total Ford output. For the most part it will handle cylinder blocks and heads and the larger castings for tractors. In the lower floor of the main building are locker rooms, showers, and a canteen that can accommodate 700 men at a sitting. Each employee will have a heated double locker, one part for his working clothes and the other for his street clothes.

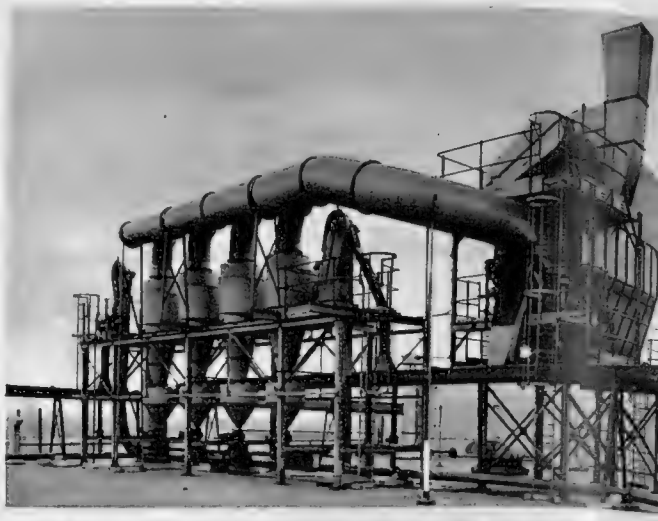
The Thames foundry is only one among several sections of Ford's huge development programme, which should be broadly complete by about the middle of next year. A new spare parts plant and new machining plants for certain special components, such as radiator cores, are already in commission. Much of the modernisation and extension of the body plant of Briggs Bodies, now a wholly-owned subsidiary of Ford, is nearly ready. The biggest item of all, a huge "paint, trim and assembly" shop for the company's car output, now towers as a long, latticed skeleton of structural steel beside the London-Southend road on the edge of the Company's 562 acres at Dagenham.

To-day the Dagenham complex is turning out more than 1,800 cars, vans, lorries and tractors from facilities with a rated capacity of perhaps 1,600 a day. By 1960 that capacity, at a conservative guess, will be well over 2,000 units a day. Though Ford is putting as much emphasis on modernisation and increased efficiency as upon sheer expansion in this programme, its massive investment should enable it to grow as fast as any of its competitors and maintain its leading place in the advance of Britain's motor industry.

THE NEW £8,000,000 THAMES FOUNDRY OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AT DAGENHAM, IN ESSEX: It is planned for a daily capacity of approximately 400 tons of castings—that is, about two-thirds of the total Ford output. In this aerial view the foundry is seen from the west. The main building to the right is over a quarter of a mile long and incorporates the main foundry operations of melting, pouring, moulding, core-making and fettling. The ancillary building contains the sections for handling and drying, casting, cooling, sand removal and grinding. About 15,000 K.V.A. of electrical power will be used and 1,500 men will be employed.

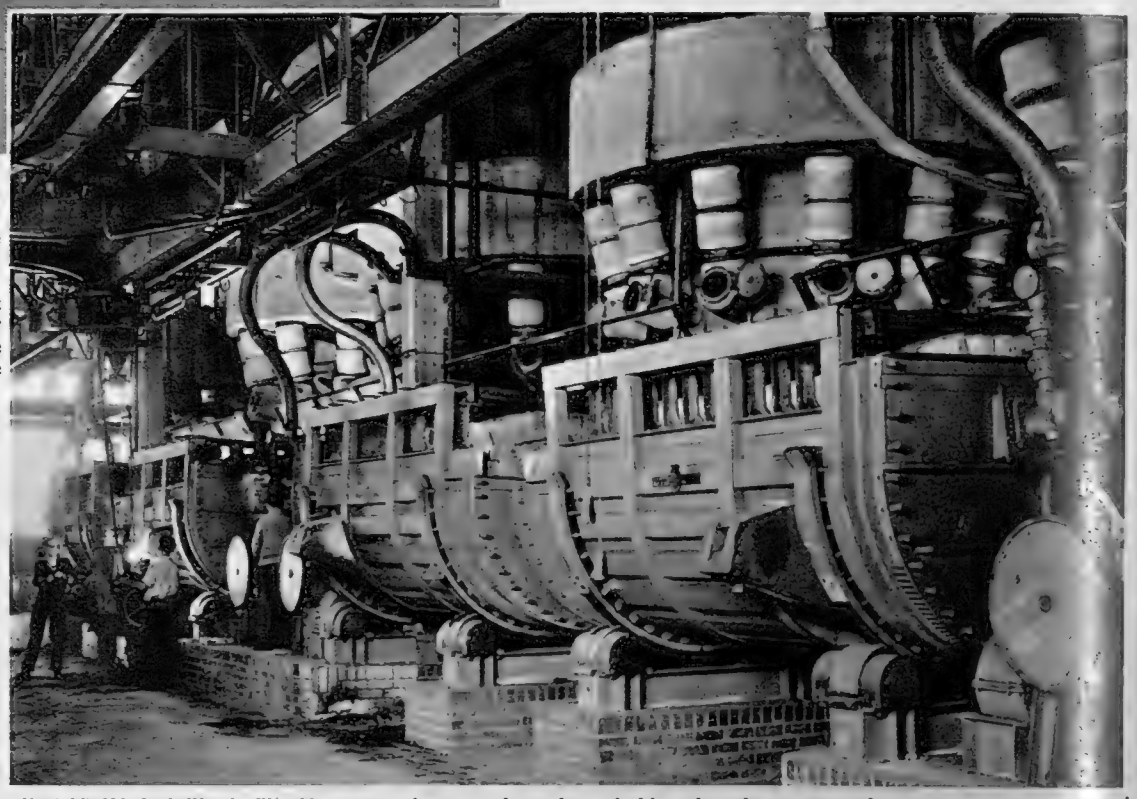
(*Further pictures of the new Thames Foundry are given on the following page*)

EXPANSION AT DAGENHAM: This view of the Ford Company's Thames Foundry, taken across the settling ponds, shows the metal charging, melting and pouring end of the main building. The structure to the right of the picture carries the Telpher car system for loading coke and limestone. Rail waggons, containing pig-iron from the Ford blast furnace, are shunted straight into the building. Most of the work at the new foundry will be devoted to the manufacture of cylinder blocks and heads and the larger castings for tractors. The Ford Company's own civil engineers have been responsible for the buildings which are located on a plot measuring 22 acres.

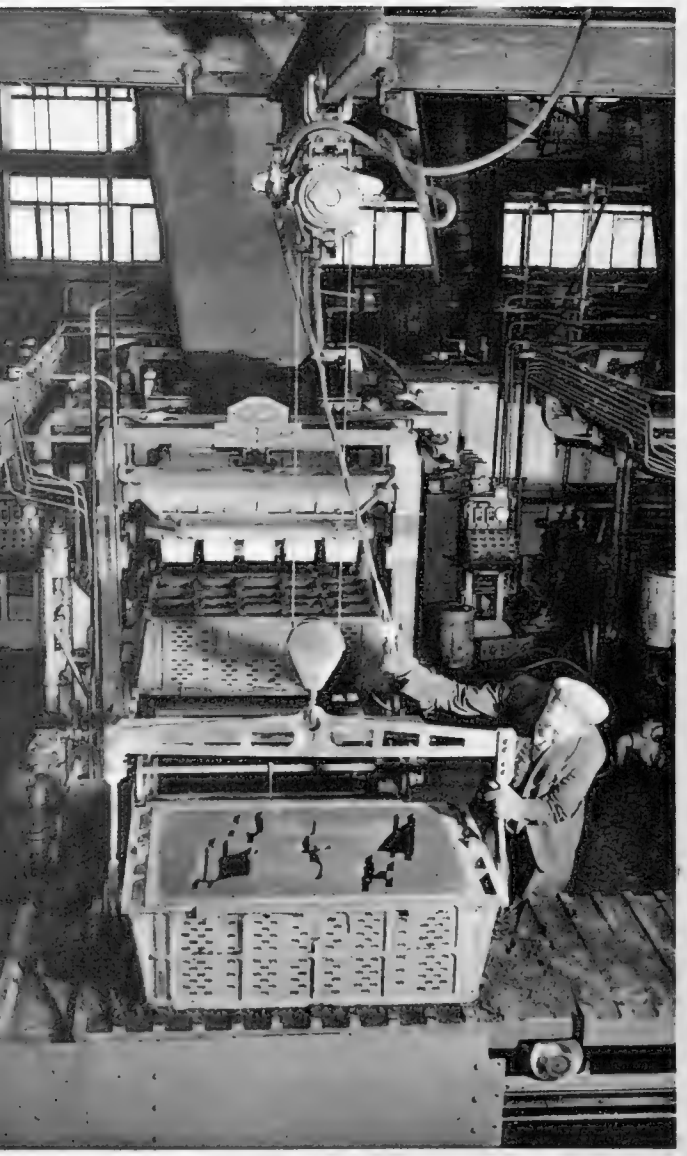


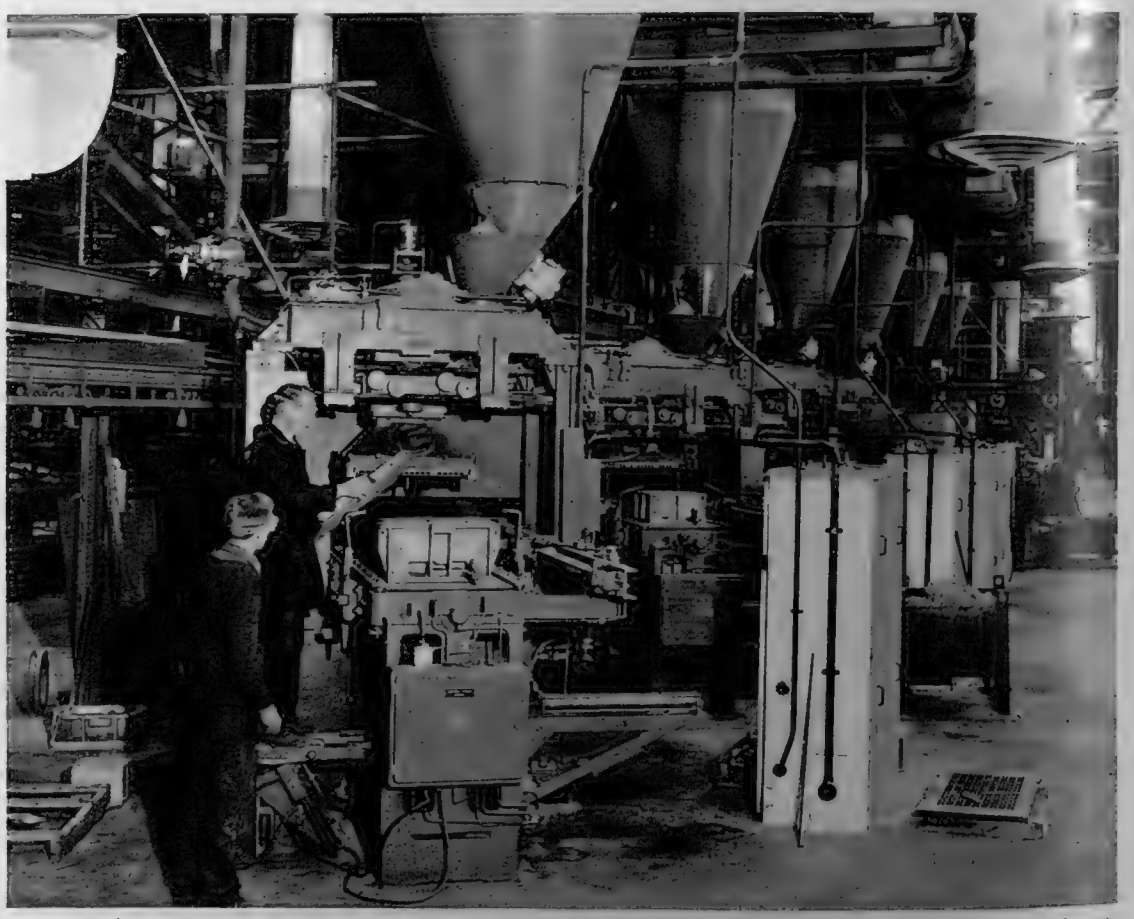
ENSURING DUST- AND FUME-FREE OPERATING CONDITIONS: The machinery forms part of the extensive system of dust and fume collection equipment which has been installed at the foundry by Air Control Installations Ltd., of Ruislip.

INSIDE THE NEW THAMES FOUNDRY



HOT METAL RECEIVERS: The Monometer hot metal receivers hold molten iron at pouring temperatures as tapped from the cupolas. They maintain a continuous supply of hot metal to the conveyer systems. In the foundry the heavy manual duties have been eliminated wherever possible and mechanical handling installed.





WORK IN PROGRESS: *Left*—The half-mould and flask, which is being transferred from one of the moulding machines to the mould conveyer, weigh approximately 16 cwts. There are sixteen automatic moulding machines in use in the Foundry. *Right*—This core-making line is equipped with six core-blowing and core-stripping machine units for the manufacture of cores for tractor castings. Four units are fully automatic and two semi-automatic, the latter being necessary to produce the heaviest cores.

On left—

NEW WATER MAIN

A general view of the Intake Works by the riverside at Hampton showing work in progress on the final section of the £5,000,000 new London water main which is being constructed for the Metropolitan Water Board to carry untreated water from there to Walthamstow. The work on this last section, a tunnel about five miles long from Richmond Park to a point near Olympia Station, is being carried out by Kinnear, Moodie and Co., Ltd.

Approval for the new main was first given in 1948. The scheme is for a tunnel 19 miles long to carry a main 102 ins. in diameter through which water taken from the Thames will flow by force of gravity. In addition, two 54-in. surface mains are planned, through which water will be pumped from the underground main into reservoirs. The tunnel is to be lined with precast concrete segments, and the conventional steel pipes are almost entirely superseded.

The new main will carry 70,000,000 gallons of water a day, a capacity which could, if necessary, be increased by 50,000,000 gallons by boosting. It follows a direct route, and will run under Richmond and Bushey Parks and Lord's Cricket Ground. There are to be twenty-two shafts varying in depth from 67½ ft. to 192 ft. The terminal shaft near Walthamstow will house pumping machinery to lift the water into the reservoirs. The whole task should be completed by the end of next year.

A NEW WATER MAIN FOR LONDON: A large piece of clay is being thrown into a small train to be taken to the mouth of the tunnel at the Intake Works by the riverside at Hampton.

RAPID PROGRESS AT HINKLEY POINT: Construction proceeds during low water on the 3,000-ft. sea wall showing shuttering for the third concrete lift being placed into position. The wall will be over 18 ft. high in places.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST POWER STATION

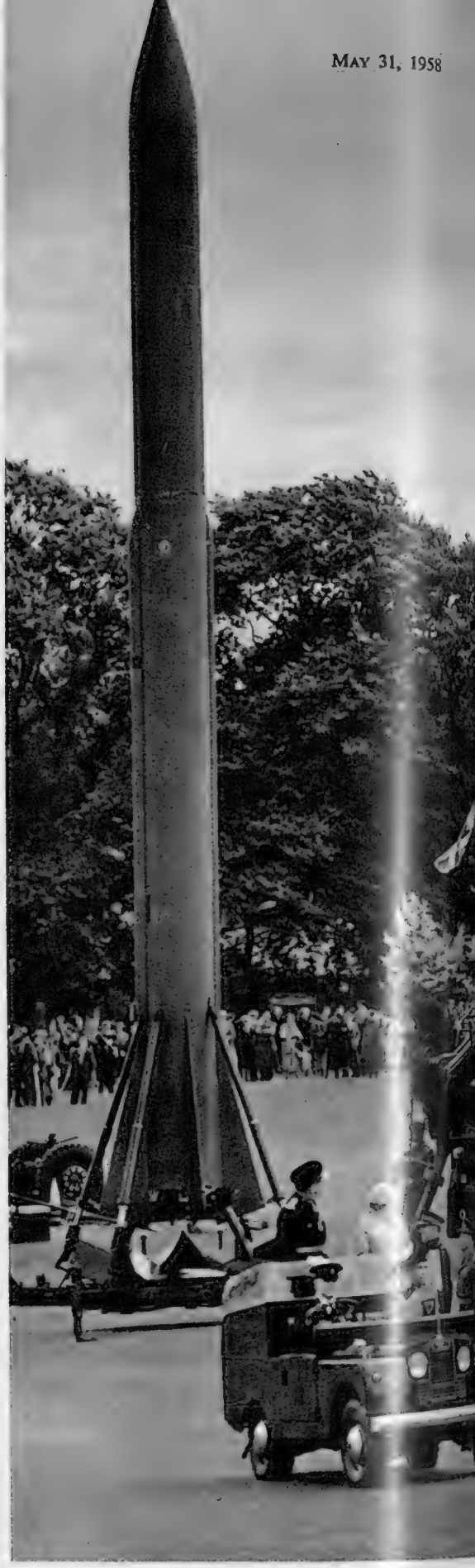
Rapid progress is being made on the construction of what will be the largest nuclear power station in the world—Hinkley Point, in Somerset. In the picture *above* concreting is taking place for foundations in the area of the first reactor. There will be five main foundations for each of the two reactors—the centre ring supporting the pressure vessels and four abutting block foundations for the biological and supplementary shields.

The station is being built for the Central Electricity Generating Board by the English Electric–Babcock and Wilcox–Taylor Woodrow atomic power group, and will be in operation by 1962. The group, in association with the Board, also designed the station, of which models and other displays form one of the chief British exhibits at the Brussels International Exhibition. The power station will not only be by far the largest of the four natural uranium, gas-cooled, graphite-moderated type now under construction in the United Kingdom, but its net electrical output, 500,000 kW., will be something like 60 per cent. more than is expected from other reactors of comparable size.

It will be the first to provide electricity within the average generating cost at present applicable in the United Kingdom of .65 pence per unit. These advances are the result of careful design study, coupled with the choice of a site which provides freely for the substantial water-cooling requirements. The output at Hinkley Point power station will be nearly three times that of the combined Calder Hall "A" and "B" installations, the world's first atomic energy power stations, on which Taylor Woodrow will complete the building and civil engineering work later this year.

ROYAL INSPECTION AT WOOLWICH: The Queen takes the salute during the parade of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, at the Royal Artillery Barracks. Her Majesty was visiting the barracks to see the display of various equipment which is in service with Britain's Army and some which is in process of development.

A FULL-DRESS OCCASION ON THE PARADE GROUND: For their ride past the Queen at the saluting dais, the men of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, wore dress uniforms. The troop also fired a Royal salute. As the Queen arrived a fanfare was sounded by trumpeters standing on a balcony of the south arch overlooking the front parade.



MISSILES ON SHOW

The Queen Sees the Thunderbird and Corporal at the Royal Artillery Display at Woolwich

Contrasts in weapons and uniforms were seen last week when the Queen attended the Royal Artillery Display which was held at Woolwich Barracks. On the parade-ground the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, were in dress uniform for their ride past the Queen, while the men in attendance at the Display of modern equipment wore khaki battledress. Towering above the static exhibition at the Display on the fields close to the parade-ground, was the bigger of the two guided missiles on show. The American Corporal surface-to-surface missile which now forms part of the equipment of two Guided Weapons Regiments, was shown alongside the Thunderbird. This is the British mobile surface-to-air guided missile which has been ordered by both the Army and Air Force. The Queen saw a working model showing how the Thunderbird goes into action and watched a film demonstrating the final moment of the missile as it destroyed its target. Also on show in the static exhibition was an 88-mm. field gun which is still being developed. After the tour by the Queen the Gunners' Display was opened to the public.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY DISPLAY : The Queen, standing in a Land-Rover, drives past the exhibition of guided missiles. On the left is the Corporal, the American-designed surface-to-surface missile, and on the right is the Thunderbird, the British ground-to-air weapon which is designed for air defence in the field. Towering above the Thunderbird is a mobile platform which is used for servicing the missiles.

ARD OF HONOUR : The Queen, Captain-General of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, walks past the guard provided by the 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery. Standard bearers of the Royal Artillery Association were also on parade.

On left—

A HELPING HAND : Major-General R. Hobbs, Director of the Royal Artillery, assists the Queen from the Land-Rover after the tour of the display. In the Royal Artillery mess the Queen had luncheon with the Master Gunner, General Sir Cameron Nicholson, and officers.

The World of Books

WHEN WEST MEETS EAST

The Records of the American Wives of a Chinese and a Japanese; Victims of Nuclear Fall-out; Novels of Wars and Their Aftermaths

IT is no everyday occurrence when an American woman marries a Chinese man and goes to live with him in China at its most unsettled, but it may, amongst other things, provide the material for a lively and interesting book of reminiscences such as A STREET IN CHINA (Michael Joseph. 16s.). The author, Shirley Wood, is also Mrs. Huang, her husband is a veterinary surgeon and they have five children. The home in which they lived for the period described in this book was a small, tottering house in a lane in a town near Shanghai. It was uncomfortable, crowded, noisy and apparently a very friendly place. It was also a complete, though small, example of the change brought about in Chinese life by Communism.

Those old habits and traditions which, apparently, include a flourishing and widespread black market, are giving way before Communist organisation, and the change, as Mrs. Huang sees it, is coming partly from the Government and partly from the people themselves. These expressions of ideology, however, are by no means the most attractive feature of the book; in fact, they are provocative if not downright irritating. The quality of the memoirs lies in the descriptions of domestic life, of Chinese children and squabbles, and of Chinese vitality.

BRIDGE TO THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is by an American woman married to a Japanese diplomat, so perhaps there are more of these alliances than one had thought. Mrs. Gwen Terasaki has written about a very different life from that discussed in the previous book and one that was quite extraordinary, since it was, for the greater part, happy in spite of terrible obstacles. Her husband was a diplomat at his embassy in Washington when she met and married him, and they were again in Washington at the time of Pearl Harbour, having in the interval lived in Japan, in Cuba and in China.

With the entry of the United States into the war there were months of internment to face and then repatriation to Japan, where illness and near starvation were somehow surmounted by the affection between the couple and their little daughter. After Japan's surrender Terasaki was appointed as liaison officer between his Emperor and General MacArthur, working for peaceful conditions between his own country and his wife's. In 1950, when his wife and daughter were back in Tennessee for a year, he died. I believe that this warm-hearted book is one of the few I have read in my life to give a real idea of an individual, good Japanese character. The American character was a good one, too.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LUCKY DRAGON (Muller. 18s.) is the story of that Japanese fishing-boat which was out in the Pacific after tuna about four years ago when the crew saw an extraordinary explosion like a giant fireball, unbearably bright, and were later showered with ash. After some time the master of the ship deduced that they might have seen an atomic explosion, but it was not until the men began to turn an odd muddy brown colour and their hair came out in handfuls that he connected those things and their general languor with the possibility of a fall-out. Mr. Ralph E. Lapp has written about the event, the little ship's return to port, and the consequent world-wide sensation. A foreword by Miss Pearl S. Buck speaks of the account as having the size and power of Greek tragedy, and so it might be if the Greeks, instead of the Americans, had exploded atomic bombs on the island of Bikini.

Wars and rumours of wars also occupy some of the novelists. Mr. Morris West, in THE SECOND VICTORY (Heinemann. 15s.), has written of an Austrian town immediately after the war, its British commander, who has known and liked the country in peace time, and the problems caused by his intransigent ideas about justice. These do not, in fact, always fit in with those of the townspeople and such emotional reactions as occur through love, pity or revenge complicate his task of occupation still further. The arrival of a trainload of freed prisoners, men, women and children from a concentration camp, most of them doomed, gives another twist to the screw of the tension. Mr. West makes a remarkably coherent story of it all, often as exciting as a straightforward adventure story, and imbued with the feeling of compassion which was so evident in *Children of the Sun*: his account of post-war beggar children in Naples.

I'LL SOLDIER NO MORE (Gollancz. 16s.) is a book about British soldiers at war, and the three principal characters of this admirable, human, bawdy, touching and altogether real story are N.C.O.s who have fought together in the Artillery after years of training in England and have gone with the advance through France to Belgium in 1944, and finally across the Rhine into Germany. It is not a record of great campaigns and battles, but a picture of soldiers as they really are, whether scrimshanking or in action, in love or busily malingering. Mr. M. K. Joseph, a New Zealander with his own war experience in the Artillery, writes almost faultlessly about his group of men, their private disappointments and triumphs, and their highly individual reactions to the boredom and fear of war, and finally to the unknown future that demobilisation brings. I found it a wonderful book.

Mr. Hans Habe, who knows quite a bit about Intelligence Services, has written about them in AGENT OF THE DEVIL (Harrap. 15s.), and, to put it mildly, takes a pretty dim view of them. His novel is concerned with a Viennese who gets himself, without too much effort, into both the Soviet and the American intelligence agencies during the "cold war" period from 1947 to 1955. He is not a spy in the convinced or patriotic sense: he does his work at first for gain and, after a while, from a sense of adventure, cheating both sides impartially and quite

"RAIL DOWN, HARD ON THE WIND, AND GOING LIKE BILLY-O": Such is the description given to this picture of *Katuna* (later *Sagola* and now *Amigo*) in *Under Full Sail* (Harrap. 45s.). The volume of 196 photographs by Morris Rosenfeld, one of America's leading marine photographers, with a commentary by Everett B. Morris, is a record of the development and exhilaration of yachting in American waters over fifty years.

cynically until the day when he is convinced that it is the men in the spy systems who are the true warmongers. He is helped to this point of view by falling in love with a Swedish woman who thinks even more poorly of spies than he does and, since he meets a brutal and violent end, perhaps she is right. Highly-coloured in its passages of action and highly technical in its explanation of espionage methods. The translation from the German has been made by Ewald Osers.

Mr. William Saroyan's new book has nothing to do with war or anything much at all except Mr. Saroyan. His story—although that is not an exact term for it—is about a father and his ten-year-old son who live in a house by a Californian beach. The narrator is the son and the language for the most part is suitably artless, but the subject is unmistakably the father; his vagaries, his advice, his philosophy. The child is allowed the last word, however, for the title of this charming little thing is PAPA YOU 'RE CRAZY (Faber. 12s. 6d.).

M. Claude Manceron's big, romantic reconstruction of Napoleon's 100 Days is a best seller in France, and I don't see why it shouldn't do as well over here—always supposing that the record of a great crisis in France makes acceptable reading. BARELY ONE SPRINGTIME (Collins. 16s.) is the result of no less than fifteen years of assiduous research into the Napoleonic period and it is M. Manceron's first novel. One can only hope that the interval will not be long between this and his next, for his book has pace, besides its fine accuracy, and a fast-moving stream of action.

OLYMPIA AND THE ANGEL (Hart-Davis. 18s.) moves to a more deliberate metre, but it has its own appeal and its slight stiffness of expression is not without its own charm. This is a tale of Malta in the eighteenth century, when the island was perpetually at war with the Algerian Moors and their piratical forces. The hero is one of those Knights of St. John vowed to celibacy and chastity, but endangering his career by falling in love with an actress whose beauty does not make up for the fact that she belongs to a despised profession. Mr. Roderigo Cavaliero writes with an evident knowledge of his background, and the Maltese scene, particularly in the early chapters, is conveyed with pictorial sharpness.

It sometimes seems that the Borgia family and their doings are the theme of at least half as many books as Napoleon, but I suppose that is a slight exaggeration. Jean Plaidy is the latest to write about them and their setting of fifteenth-century Rome, in one of her typically lively historical novels, MADONNA OF THE SEVEN HILLS (Robert Hale. 15s.). In this Lucrezia is presented as a golden-haired beauty, albeit with a receding chin, and the beloved of both her brother and her father, Pope Alexander VI. The Borgias remain as lethal as legend would have it and the Farnese and Sforza families as ineffectual rivals. Roystering and readable.

Two detective stories this week, and both by Simenon, though THE SON (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.) scarcely qualifies as a thriller. It is the story of a family secret, a fairly sordid one, as a result of which a father has sacrificed himself for his son and left a legacy of heavy mystery and doubt. This, in effect, is a psychological study and an intelligent one. The translation from the French is by Daphne Woodward. MAIGRET AND THE OLD LADY (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.) is in the master's best manner: logical, quizzical and fairly twanging with suspense. Recommended.

Vernon Fane

TOUR OF AMERICA

Australian Impressions of the U.S.A.

Now here is America through Australian eyes. That, in a sentence, is the theme of Geoffrey Dutton's book STATES OF THE UNION (Chapman and Hall. 21s.). Mr. and Mrs. Dutton went 12,000 miles round the U.S.A. finding much to admire, a great deal to wonder at, and a host of things to astonish their simple Australian hearts, not least the Cadillac-a-year which many American executives seem to think essential to their physical and spiritual well-being. On the whole, the Duttons' reactions are favourable, not so much to American things, but to American people. They are far from being ruthless, bumptious or cocksure, says Mr. Dutton in his concluding chapter. They have openness of mind and self-criticism, and in those possessions alone the seeds of their future are secure. Let it not be thought that the travelling Duttons are being patronising in saying these things, their eagerness to see, and know, and like is evident upon every page.

Peter Lum's PEKING 1950-53 (Robert Hale. 18s.) is just what its title says it is, a record of three years spent in the Chinese capital. They were three important years, crucial years for China, when the revolution was beginning to have a wider impact than hitherto, and the spirit of the middle classes was being weakened by political action. Miss Lum knew Peking in earlier days; she spent much of her youth travelling from her American homeland across the Pacific to Peking, and later her family settled there. The author leaps at no swift conclusions, and is not inclined to analyse the significance of the events she describes. She has done some faithful recording, and the result is a most valuable book which, above everything else, betokens her great love of China.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ITALY (Batsford. 35s.), by J. W. Franklin, is one of a number of excellent recent books on aspects of other countries. Most of them are admirable in their approach, scholarly in their content and interesting to read. *The Cathedrals of Italy* is no exception. It is the third of a series which began with John Harvey's *The Cathedrals of Spain* and was followed by Ralph Dutton's *The Chateaux of France*. Mr. Franklin has given us a work full of absorbing detail. The dust jacket, a colour photograph of Amalfi Cathedral by A. F. Kersting, is one of the most eye-catching for a long time on this kind of book. It is perhaps a pity this was not included as a colour-plate inside the volume.

The work can be read with appreciation either before or after a visit to Italy. Whenever read, it will heighten enjoyment of the untold wealth of Italian cathedrals. Most of the buildings span a great period in time, thus presenting not only a commentary on the development of architectural styles, but also of Italian social history.

Several new books have lately drawn attention to the brief but spectacular history of Arabian oil, in the existence of which only a few people originally believed, among them the adventurous Major Frank Holmes. Most experts and financiers doubted until the evidence was actually before them. Some indeed would not even accept the evidence, and that was why Major Holmes, the holder of rich oil concessions, failed at first to find a buyer in the City of London, having to look elsewhere for his support. In THE GO DEVILS (Cassell. 21s.) Wayne Mineau, who has just completed a 20,000-mile tour of the Middle East oilfields, tells the story of these great discoveries in the remote sheikhdoms

JOURNEY IN A FOG

confess that Lord Vansittart's prose style is anathema to me. The scholarly brash, the polyglot slick, the ssumption that "every schoolboy" reader is, like him, "citizen of the world," produce the worst obscurities f Carlyle, Browning or Guedalla, and an intellectual ournalese unsuited to the fogs and confusions of his me and tending to worse confound confusion.

But that said, the readers, who will be many, have ery good value for even 35s. in THE MIST PRO-ESSION (Hutchinson). I roughly compute that there ust be 220,000 words in this close-packed and often xciting and usually controversial book. The writing f it, it is said, consoled his last years of retirement and eath prevented his completing it. Few men were better itted to lift the curtain on the privacies of Cabinets, or he was Private Secretary to successive Premiers and ide-de-camp to Foreign Secretaries, and finally Perma-ent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, 1931-38. He called his book a story of failure. He constantly ffered good advice and it was never taken. He was essimistic. A man who emerges from a long night of lind man's buff and finds that he was more often right han wrong has no call to speak of failure. If his style ends to over-simplify sometimes, and sometimes to bscure the march of events, his trenchant character-tudies of Curzon, Asquith, Lloyd George, Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, among many, are as exciting as hey are shrewd. He sparkles in wit and anecdote, and as crammed into his book all that he has seen and hought and done, including his poetry. Such a book annot be reviewed in 300 words. I recall that *his* was he first name that ever I saw recorded on the panels of ame, in the gym of my private school (Mr. Locke's, at St. Neot's, Eversley), where he had preceded me—R. Vansittart, inevitably corrupted to *Fancy Tart*. Tart ertainly and often fanciful, but a bonny fighter, a brave man and a shrewd observer of the game of blind an's buff which was played most of his diplomatic ife, and will perhaps outlast his memory.

"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII"

Miss Meriel Buchanan long ago proved her merits as a writer in several earlier books. As the only child of a great and independent Ambassador, she had wonderful opportunities to study at close quarters the characters and foibles of the Royal Families and states-men in half the capitals of Europe in the last sad and glittering days of peace, "security" and civilisation, and she recorded with a photographic memory, and doubtless in diaries, all she heard and saw of importance from the debutante age until the death of her father in 1924. As a recorder she was nearer to Greville than to Creevey in her sense of relevance and impartial judgment; and in translating her records and memories into book form, she has revealed most of the qualities required to make such memoirs authoritative, exciting and colourful. Indeed, in AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER (Cassell. 25s.) she has given us a book which must be read at a sitting and read a second time. As an autobiography it is commendably frank and full of human interest, as a defence of her father's Russian Embassy it is convincing and well-documented, as a picture of the last days of European civilisation it is vivid, poignant, authoritative and intimate.

It is difficult to praise too highly her treatment of her romance with Duke Alexander of Leuchtenberg or the admirable account of the splendours of the Russian Court between 1910 and 1914, where the glitter and the gold outshone anything comparable in London and enhanced the shock of that far more sudden trans-formation from brilliance to drab horror or austerity. Some of her word pictures of splendid scenes and of scenery whether in Rome, Berlin, The Hague, the Bos-porus, above all in Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo, are admirably written. Through all her glittering scenes there is nothing that can be dismissed as irrelevant, trivial or in the nature of gossip. Ill-natured gossip and political malice were the curse of her father's diplo-matic career and she has every reason to abhor and reject them. It is a book for very honourable mention and for a permanent place in a representative library.

John Gore.

that have brought their rulers the most astonishing incomes, not least Kuwait, where the oil income totals £100,000,000 a year. Arabian oil has brought fabulous wealth to barren lands, and trouble to two generations of politicians. Wayne Mineau, without exactly writing a history, has certainly helped to put these vast develop-ments in a fair historical perspective.

Jack Bursey's ANTARCTIC NIGHT (Longmans. 18s.) is the work of a man who has an extraordinary story to tell of Antarctic exploration between 1928 and 1957. He has three times spent the months of the whole sunless Antarctic winter hibernating in advanced bases, and apart from Amundsen, he has completed one of the longest polar journeys ever made with dogs. In twenty-seven years of polar exploration Jack Bursey has seen many changes in techniques, and these add immensely to the interest of a lively book. R. C. E.

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S LATEST PLAY: In *Verdict*, at the Strand Theatre, are, from left to right, Dr. Steiner (played by Derek Oldham), Helen Rollander (Moira Redmond), Professor Karl Henschel (Gerard Heinz), Lisa Koletzki (Patricia Jessel; standing behind), and Minna Henschel (Viola Keats). The plot turns on a murder, but the play is not a "who-dunnit" in the usual sense of the word. *Verdict* is the second play by Miss Christie to be seen currently in London. The other is the record-breaking *The Mousetrap* at the Ambassadors Theatre, now in its sixth year.

A NEW THRILLER: In a converted tollhouse in Essex, Inspector Davies, played by Alan Webb (centre), questions Howard Holt (Michael Gough), while the latter's wife (Mary Kerridge) anxiously watches unseen. *Something to Hide*, written by Leslie Sands, is now running at the St. Martin's Theatre, in London. The play opens with a scene between Howard Holt, a novelist dependent upon his wife's income, and his mistress. With the un-expected appearance of his wife, Karen, distraught because she fears she has just knocked down and killed a strange girl out-side the house, it becomes apparent that the characters are bent on deception. Howard immediately leaves to cover up the accident and re-enact the crash as if he had himself been driving. The Inspector casually appears and as he collects explanations of the accident becomes suspicious. From this point, the plot becomes more and more complicated, until it seems doubtful if the husband's mistress is indeed dead and if the original car accident was an accident at all. The play is produced by Joan Riley, with a setting by Carl Toms.

NEW PRODUCTIONS ON THE LONDON STAGE

SINGING THE "BLUES": Miss Bertice Reading, one of the stars of *Simply Heavenly*, a new musical comedy with an all-Negro cast, sings a sad Negro lament. Opening last week at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, the play was adapted from his novel, *Simple Takes a Wife*, by the American Negro author, Langston Hughes. In a cast of twenty-two, including seven leading roles, three of the artists have been brought from New York to play the parts they originally acted in the successful Broadway production. They are Melvin Stewart, John Bouie and Charles A. McRae. Other leading roles are played by Bertice Reading, Ilene Day, Marpessa Dawn and Earl Cameron. The play was directed by Laurence Harvey, with a decor of Harlem by Edward Burra.

THE FINALE OF "SIMPLY HEAVENLY": In the exuberant ending of the show, Ilene Day as the "glamorous good-timer" is in the centre and Bertice Reading on the left.

SAFE, FAST AND ECONOMICAL

The New Austin Healey Sprite; Increased Prestige of the Volkswagen; Inclement Weather for the Caravan Club's Annual Rally; Steering-column versus Central Gear Lever

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

A REAL, full-size sports two-seater capable of more than 80 miles an hour for under £670! That is the new Austin Healey Sprite, just announced by the British Motor Corporation. They are not far off the mark when they claim it 's the most exciting low-priced car you can buy. I think this attractive newcomer to the motoring scene will have a tremendous vogue in Britain, in the U.S. and in many other parts of the world.

The design of the Sprite was inspired by Mr. Donald Healey, whose 2·6-litre model was taken over for B.M.C. by Sir Leonard Lord when Healey was still a small, independent builder of specialist sports cars. It has been designed round the latest version of the B.M.C. "A" series engine: the 948 c.c. 4-cylinder unit which powers the Morris Minor and the Austin A.35. The use of this engine and other components already in quantity production for various B.M.C. models—including the four-speed gear-box and rear axle assembly—helps to explain how the Corporation have been able to keep the price of the Sprite at such an attractive level. As used in the Sprite, the engine has a compression ratio of 8·3 to 1 and is fed by twin S.U. carburettors.

As the car, with its unitary construction, weighs only 12 cwt., acceleration is most impressive, especially when intelligent use is made of the short, remote-control gear lever. There is nearly 68 square feet of friction area on the brakes. The handbrake is mounted centrally in a manner that will find general favour. There will be few complaints, too, about the precision of the rack-and-pinion steering. B.M.C. claim that the Sprite will give over 40 miles to the gallon, depending, of course, on how the car is driven. The neat, easily-erected hood folds away out of sight when not in use. Comfortable bucket seats are provided.

An interesting design feature is that the whole of the front end of the body—cowl, bonnet and wings—hinges upwards from the scuttle to give easy access to the engine and independent suspension of the front wheels. Suspension at the rear is by quarter-elliptic leaf springs. List price of the Sprite is £445, increased by purchase tax to £668 17s. for the man or woman who wants to buy it in its simplest form. If you want a front bumper (with over-riders) it will cost you £6 extra, including tax. Other optional extras include heater (£21) and rev.-counter (£4 10s.). Use of the name Sprite will mean a certain amount of nostalgia for motoring enthusiasts who remember a famous model built by Riley, now part of the British Motor Corporation.

It seems that the Volkswagen, like the old soldier, will never die. It does not even show signs of fading away. This German car is one of the most interesting ever built; not so much because of its design features as because of its historical background and the commercial policy that has lain behind its ever-increasing production in recent years. The V.W. will certainly go down in history alongside such classic cars as the Model "T" Ford and the "Baby" Austin. Here is an outstanding example of a manufacturer sticking to a basically sound design formula and resolutely refusing to make any changes merely for change's sake.

The V.W., in its fundamental features, was designed more than twenty years ago. It has changed very little since production was resumed after the war in the bomb-shattered factory at Wolfsburg. I could not help musing on these things the other day when I had the use of one of the latest V.W. de luxe models for an ambitious week-end motoring programme. In some respects the Volkswagen is an old-fashioned car, yet it has long waiting lists in many parts of the world. The fact is that Dr. Heinz Nordhoff and his V.W. organisation are reaping the benefits of a bold and clever commercial policy.

Because they have concentrated on a single model and have gone on building it year after year with very little alteration, they have gained three tremendous benefits. A first-class servicing organisation has been built up, with none of the complications that come with frequent model changes. The supply and stocking of spare parts and accessories have been simplified. And—last but not least—V.W. models keep their value because it has for long been reasonably certain that next year's model wouldn't look much different, if at all.

In Britain the de luxe Volkswagen costs £758 17s., including tax. It has a 4-cylinder, air-cooled engine of 1,192 c.c. mounted at the back and driving the rear wheels without the complication and added weight of a propeller-shaft running the length of the car. The engine is a "flat four"—i.e., it has two pairs of cylinders lying on their side and turning the crankshaft from opposite directions. It develops 30 brake horse-power at 3,400 r.p.m. The car's top speed, at around 65 m.p.h., is not exceptional. But the engine of the V.W., when flat out, is turning at little more than 3,000 r.p.m.: a fact which reduces engine wear and prolongs the working life of the car.

The top ratio of the four-speed gear-box is in effect an overdrive, tailor-made for Germany's motor roads. There is very little spacing between top and third, so in Britain a good deal of gear-changing is desirable. This is no hardship with a gear-box of such good design and with a central lever of convenient length. Aided by independent, torsion-bar springing on all four wheels, the Volkswagen is remarkably steady on rough roads but—not surprisingly in a rear-engined car—the V.W. still has a tendency to oversteer on corners taken fast: a point which must be borne constantly in mind on slippery roads.

The V.W. gives 35 miles to the gallon, even when driven hard, and many owners seem to get a 40 m.p.g. figure. There is no petrol gauge but this is more than compensated for by the reserve tap which can be turned on by the toe of your shoe from the driving seat when the car is still in motion. A big fault which the German car will take to its seemingly remote grave is lack of luggage-space: a penalty of the rear-engine layout which is often overlooked by those who plump for the rear-engine formula. This question of luggage-space is a matter of considerable importance in Britain, where motorists do not take so enthusiastically to the roof-rack idea as Continental drivers do. The 8¾-gallon petrol tank is housed—with the spare wheel and the tools—in the space at the front of the car where the engine usually goes.

The only changes I noticed in the design of the de luxe Volkswagen since I last drove one some time ago were the larger windscreen and rear window; a more efficient heating system; self-parking wipers; and a redesigned facia.

It was a pity the weather was not kinder to the Caravan Club for their fourth annual rally. The event was successful for all that. There were 101 competitors. They started from five places: Bristol, Luton, Maidstone, Nottingham and Worcester. The finish was at Brighton, where there was a full programme of tests, covering such aspects of the caravanning art as hill-climbing, acceleration, braking, reversing, siting, uncoupling and handling.

The rally was won by a Wolseley 6/90 towing a Berkeley Cavalier. This outfit was a trade entry by Mr. Ian Mantle, who was prevented from competing personally by family illness. His co-driver, Mr. B. D. S. Ginn, took over, with Mr. J. Lowrey stepping in as his No. 2. The best amateur entry was Mr. G. Wood's Rover 105S and Cheltenham Deer caravan.

A NEW SMALL AND INEXPENSIVE SPORTS CAR: The Austin Healey Sprite, powered by a special 948 c.c. engine, has a top speed of over 80 and rapid acceleration, but with a fuel consumption ranging from 30-45 m.p.g. The cost, including purchase tax, is £668 17s.

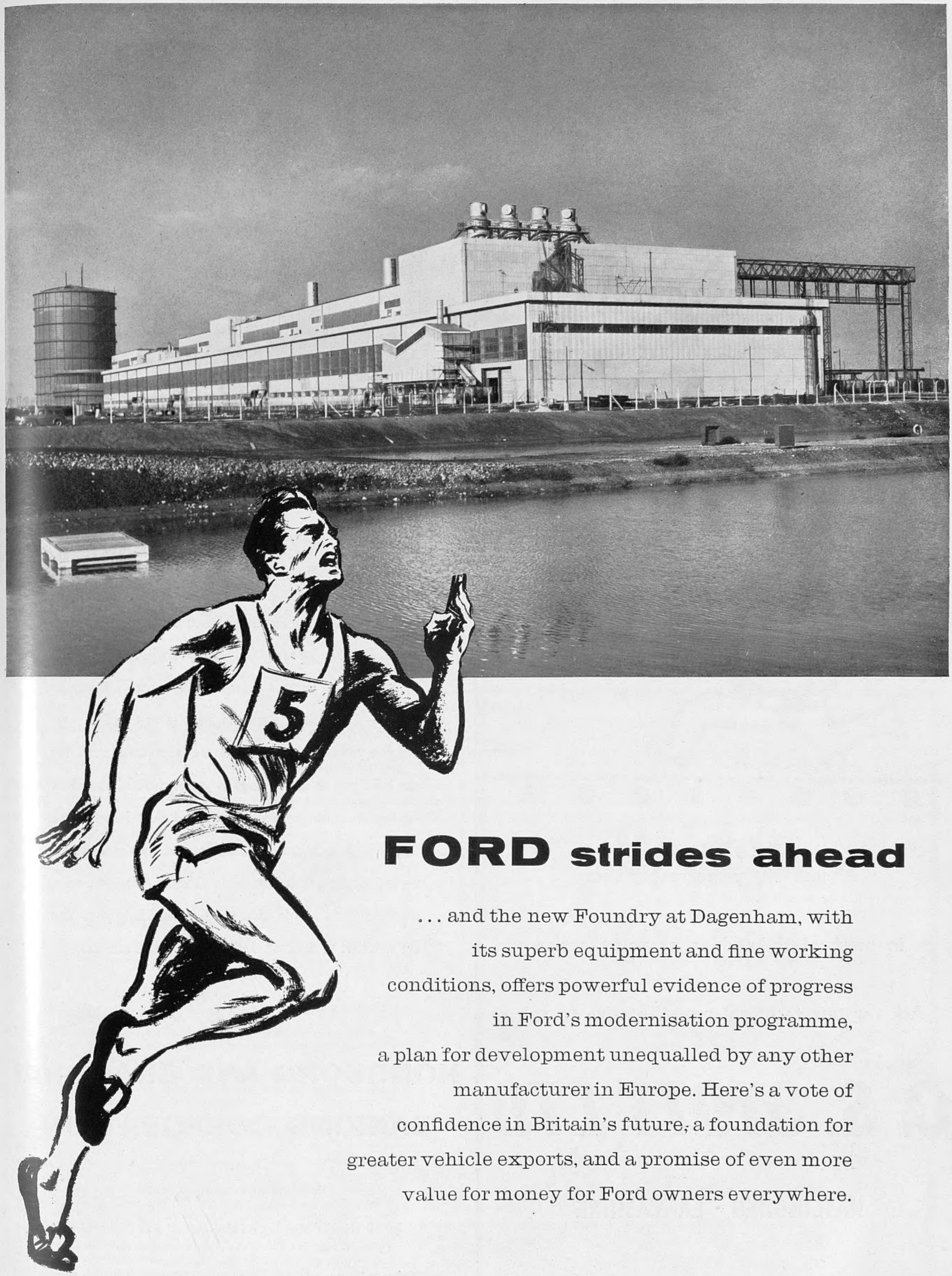
There was a time when it looked as if steering-column gear-change levers would eventually oust the central shift permanently on all British cars except sports models. This has not happened. Indeed, some British models have reverted to the use of a gear-shift sticking up from the floor between the two front seats. On a number of others it has been made available as an optional extra.

There has lately been an important addition to this list. The British Motor Corporation has announced that buyers of their Austin A.55, A.95 and A.105 models may specify a central lever if they are willing to pay £5 extra plus £2 10s. purchase tax. I shall be interested to hear, later on, what percentage of Austin buyers have chosen the "pudding-spoon" type of gear-change. Unless a car is designed to take three people on a bench-type front seat there really is little excuse for the imprecise steering-column control. You don't get such a clean change, and as the car gets older there is always the risk of trouble with the complicated linkage.

The Standard Motor Co. apparently had regard for these facts when they brought out their new Ensign at the time of the last Motor Show. This has a central lever to control the four-speed box "borrowed" from the Triumph TR3. This gear-box is now offered—with a central shift—to Vanguard buyers without extra charge if they prefer it to the normal three-speed Vanguard box with steering-column control.

One of the most interesting motoring gadgets I have come across lately is the Lucidator, an ingeniously designed computer consisting of revolving discs which when not in use slide away into a little leather case attached to a key-ring. On one side of the disc, average speeds, fuel consumption and the time or fuel needed for a journey can be quickly calculated (especially if you have good sight, as the figures are rather small). The other side of the disc does the job of a whole series of conversion charts, turning miles into kilometres, gallons into litres, and so on . . . it costs 10s. 6d. and is offered by Lucidator Ltd., 7, Birchin Lane, E.C.3.

BRITISH CAR'S VICTORY: Class winners and their co-drivers in the British Mobilgas Economy Run stand with their trophies after the presentation of prizes by Major-General B. K. Young, Director-General of the R.S.P.A. Left to right: M. G. Chaterre and his co-driver, Mr. A. Jones, winners of Class I in a Citroen 2 CV (69.05 net m.p.g.); Mr. L. P. Taylor (co-driver) and Mr. A. E. Bengry, winners of Class II in a Volkswagen (49.47 net m.p.g.); Mr. B. Davies (co-driver) and Mr. G. Heaps, outright winners and winner of Class IV, in a Standard Sportsman (40.02 net m.p.g.); M. B. Duval (co-driver) and M. G. Mangin, winners of Class III in a Citroen ID 19 (42.56 net m.p.g.).



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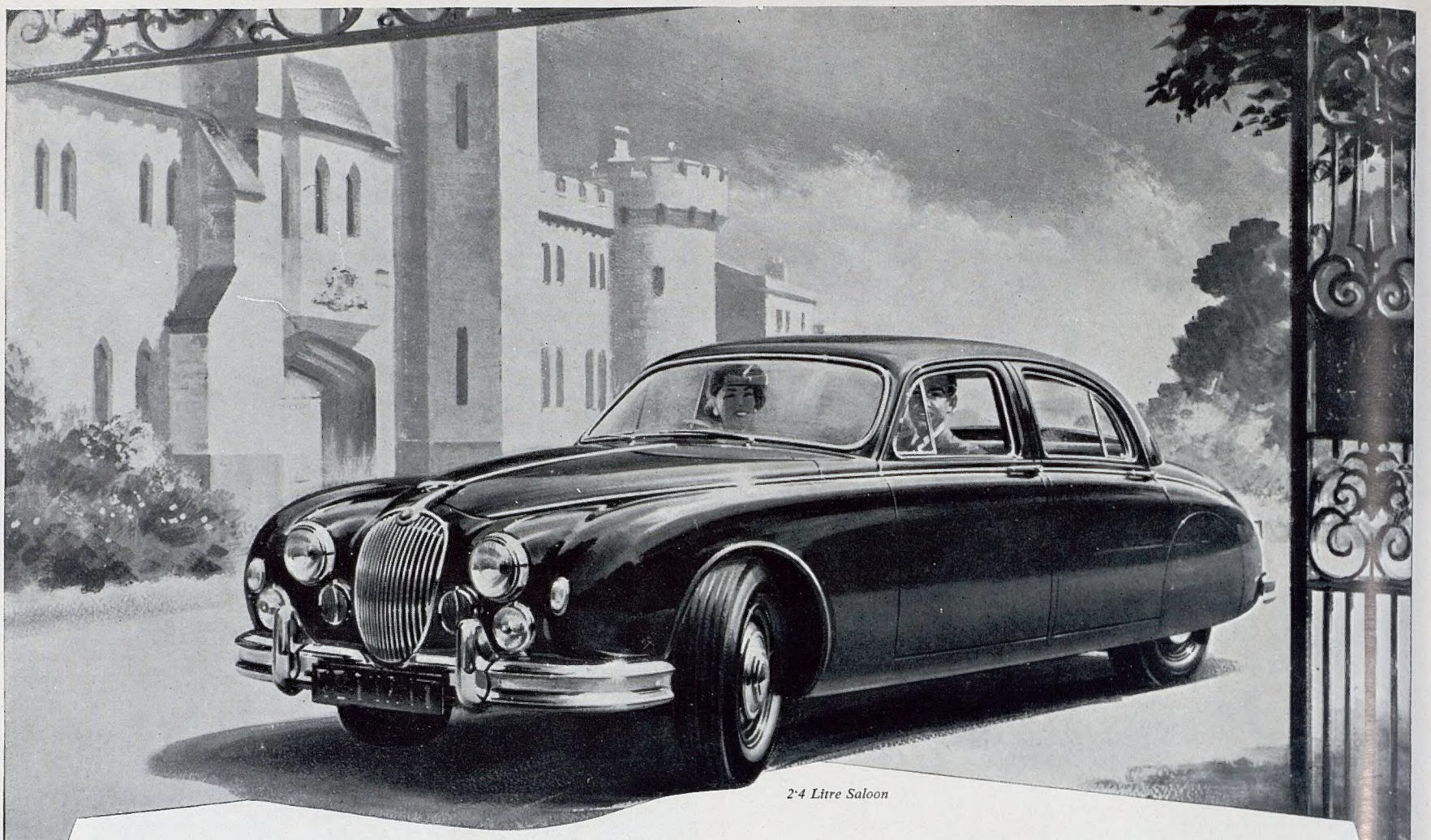

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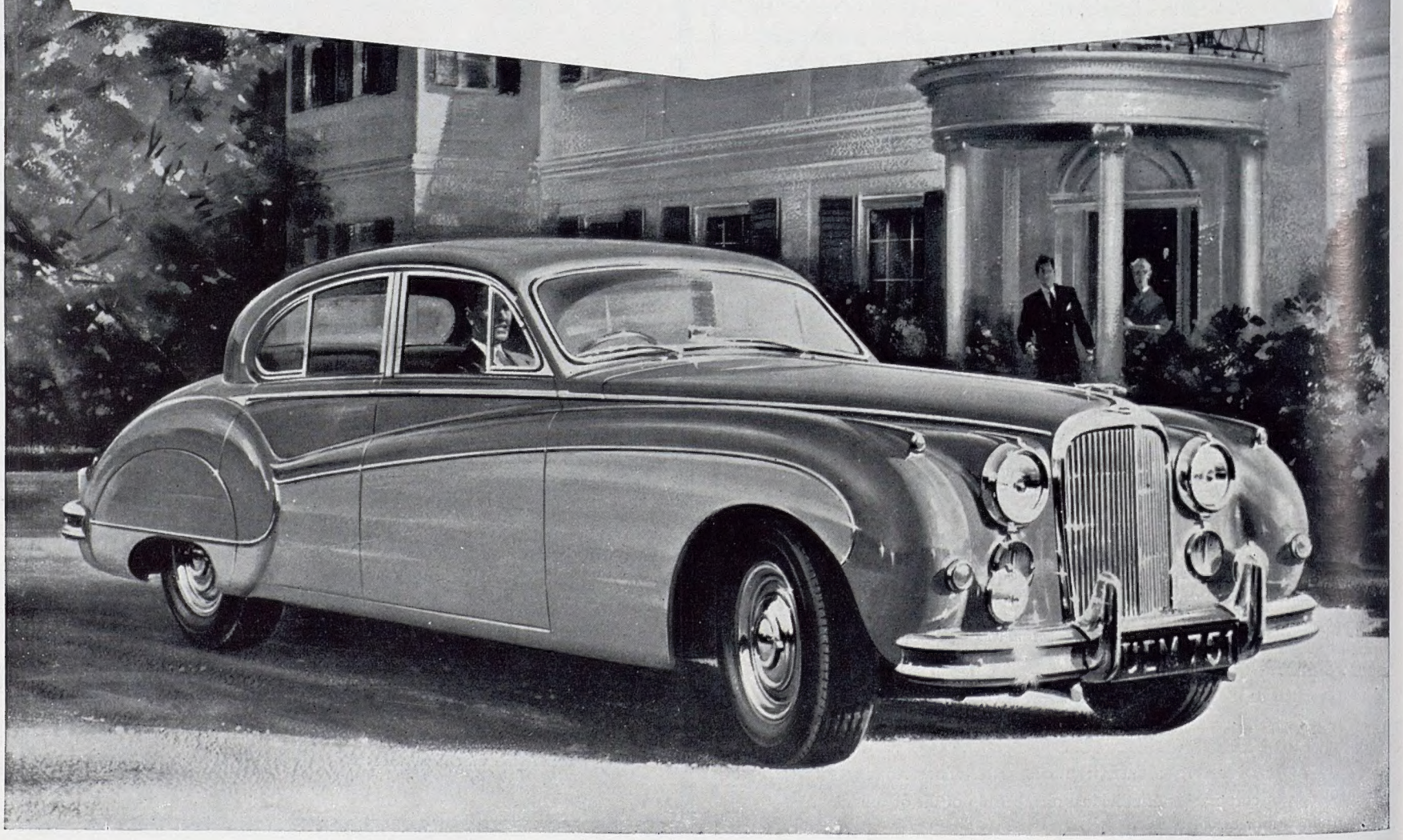

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